

# THE NAPANEE

Vol. XXIX. No. 20.—POLLARD & McLAUGHLIN, Props.

NAPANEE—

**DEROCHE & MADDEN,**  
Barristers,  
Attorneys-at-Law, Solicitors in Chancery, Conveyancers, Notaries Public, etc.  
Office—Grange block.  
Money to Loan at "lower than the lowest" rates  
H. M. DEROCHE, Q. C. 5-ly J. A. MADDEN.

**MORDEN & WILSON,**  
Barristers,  
Solicitors of the Supreme Court of Ontario, Conveyancers, etc.  
A. L. MORDEN. W. G. WILSON.  
County Crown Attorney. 5-ly

**R. A. LEONARD, M.D., C.P.S.**  
Physician, Surgeon, etc.  
Late House Surgeon of the Kingston General Hospital.  
Office—in the Downey residence, between M. W. Prayn's and the late residence of Dr. Clark, John street, Napanee. 5-ly

**HERRINGTON & WARNER,**  
Barristers, etc.  
MONEY TO LOAN AT LOW RATES  
Office—Warner Block, East-st, Napanee. 5-ly

**A. LALOND,**  
Who is now on the Market, will occupy the Tichborne House barber shop about 1st May. Everything will be found in first class style. 16-ly

**CHAS. STEVENS,**  
Customs Broker  
and Shipping Agent. Office opposite Campbell House, three doors west Merchants Bank, Napanee. Parties having shipments to any point in the United States will find it to their interest to write or call on me. Enquiries by mail promptly answered. N.B.—Type-writing executed with neatness and dispatch. 17-ly

**F. X. BEZO,**  
MANUFACTURER OF  
TENTS, AWNINGS, HAMMOCKS, WATERPROOF HORSE AND WAGON COVERS, BOAT SAILS, ETC.  
SOUTH NAPANEE.

**THE**  
Brisco House, Napanee.  
HUNT BROS. Props.  
Having leased the Hotel and given it a good overhauling we are prepared to accommodate the general public. The sheds and barns are commodious, and a good hostler will be found to attend to your wants. Give us a call. 17d

**MAIR'S**  
Machine Shop,  
Corner Adelaide & Bridge-sts., Napanee.

Steam Engines and all kinds of Boilers made to order. Also all kinds of machinery repaired on the shortest notice. 5-ly

**THE SUN**  
Life Assurance Co'y.  
Head Office, Montreal.  
Annual Income, \$25,273.55; Assets over \$2,600,000.

**VALUABLE**  
Farm for Sale.  
Homestead of the late Sebastian Hogle, being composed of part of Lot No. 21, part in the fourth concession of the Township of Erasmoville, containing 100 acres; in a good state of cultivation, less 5 acres of wood land. On the premises is a good dwelling, woodhouse and drive house, two large barns and sheds, in excellent condition; small orchard; four good wells. The farm is well fenced. It is on the York road, 15 miles from Kingston, 9 miles from Napanee, and 3 miles from Odessa; 1 mile from church and schoolhouse. Apply to N. H. PERRY, 381 Burch street, Kingston, or to NORMAN HOGLE, Napanee. 19cm

**TOWNSHIP OF RICHMOND.**  
**NOTICE.**  
Notice is hereby given that all petitions for grants on roads in the Township of Richmond must be in the hands of the Council on or before the first Monday in May, 1890, otherwise they will not be entertained by said Council.  
ABRAHAM WINTERS,  
Township Clerk.  
Selby, April 15, 1890. 20-ly

**TO BUILDERS.**  
Operations have begun at Meagher's Lime kiln, and I am prepared to furnish the  
Best quality of Lime  
at lowest possible prices. I have also a superior quality of  
**BUILDING - AND - COURSEING - STONE,**  
**BRICK - AND - SAND,**  
and all building requisites in that line.  
This kiln has been established for ten years, and I am satisfied that my experience is a guarantee of a first-class article. All orders promptly attended to.  
29cm  
**THOS. MEACHER,**  
Napanee, Ont.

**CAMPBELL HOUSE, NAPANEE.**  
**H. G. MILLING, Prop.**  
This fine and commodious house is being put in thorough repair, and will soon be more comfortable than ever.  
The comfort of all guests is the first consideration at this house.  
COMMODIOUS SAMPLE ROOMS,  
lit by gas, on the ground floor, and every convenience for the mercantile traveller. Telephone and telegraph communication.  
Good table daily, and the best of Wines, Liquors, Ales and Cigars.  
Farmers will find first-class stabling for their accommodation, and at cheap rates. Their patronage solicited. 11-ly

**THOS. SYMINGTON,**  
PRODUCE MERCHANT. DEALER IN  
**Flour, Feed, Seeds & Provisions**  
We have much pleasure in informing our numerous customers that Field and Garden Seeds are 40 per cent lower in price than last year. We exercise the greatest care to supply every article true to name and of the very finest quality.  
Persons wishing to send orders for foreign seeds can save 15 per cent by entrusting their orders to us.  
**GARDEN SEED DRILLS.**

## NEWS FROM THE COUNTY

### WHAT IS GOING ON OUTSIDE THE TOWN.

Interesting Items Picked up by our Busy Correspondents.

[All contributors to our columns inside the county are notified that envelopes containing correspondence must not be sealed, as it necessitates our paying extra postage. Merely turn the fly of the envelope inside and it will travel securely.]

**Victoria.**  
A large attendance at Sunday school Sunday.  
Miss Rosa Smith spent a few days in Napanee last week.  
Our school here is getting very small. I think something is wrong somewhere or else we would have a larger attendance.  
Spring has arrived at last. The weather fine and all prospects of a good seeding time. Some were ploughing last week.  
One of our esteemed farmers in the person of Mr. Thos. N. Denyes is leaving our midst this week. He has leased the Asabel H. Hogle farm on the York road.  
Sugar making is a thing of the past and people have reaped a sweet harvest this season. Just allow me here to say the man who furnished the sugar for the social at fourth concession church on Friday of last week either has forgotten how to make syrup or else he never knew how.

**Westbrook.**  
Wm. Jackson has moved to the village.  
Mrs. H. Graham, of Factory street, donated her husband a son.  
Miss Annie Leonard intends returning to Delta in a few days to resume her music class.  
Mrs. J. MacDonald has returned home from an extended visit to friends in Cornwall.  
Visitors.—Miss Ross Donovan, Elginburgh; Mrs. Buckley Sharpton, W. Johnston, Odessa.  
Fred Macdonald after taking a course at the Kingston Collegiate College intends returning to Cornwall.  
The ladies of this vicinity who are possessed of fast steeds are taking advantage of the fine evenings and dry roads for their equestrian travels.  
On Sunday morning at 10 o'clock the funeral of the late Mrs. H. Bell took place from the residence of Benjamin Rose and proceeded to the C. M. church where service was conducted by the Rev. Thurlow. On the casket were beautiful floral offerings, the contribution of friends. She leaves a husband and infant son of two weeks old to regret her sad demise.

**Adolphustown.**  
Messrs. Farnsworth and Butler from Albert College, whose labors were so acceptable here last fall, will conduct service next Sabbath both morning and evening, in the Centennial church.  
After having had the most terrible roads ever known in this vicinity they are becoming fairly passable again. The plow is fairly at work, and some little seeding has been done in favored spots.  
Navigation is fairly opened for the season on the front Bay. The Hero and Reindeer made their first trips on Monday. Quite a fleet has cleared from the different Bay ports with ice for the other side, at prices that will give an ample remuneration.  
The many friends of the Rev. David Wilson will be glad to learn that he will preach (D.V.) next Sabbath morning at Conway, and in the evening will take part in a platform service in the town hall, Sillsville, in the interest of the missionary cause.  
About forty of the young people of the Centennial church aided the paragon on

**Wilton.**  
It is not known when the special services will be closed.  
The Young People spent a very enjoyable evening, at a sugar party at H. Mills.  
Milton Parrott and Florence Johnson, Centerville, paid Wilton a short visit.  
Miss Ecos Denison, Hartington, is the guest of her cousin Mrs. L. L. Gallagher.

**Spencer Hill.**  
Farmers are all now busy seeding.  
Mrs. Reuben Schemahorn, we are sorry to say is no better.  
Mr. John McCumber met with a painful accident this week, being kicked by a colt.  
Mrs. G. W. Shibley, of Sunnyside, is spending a week visiting friends in New York State.  
It is somewhat singular, the influence of some people can have over the council. If they take a notion that angust body can be prohibited by one man from selling road jobs.

**Morven.**  
Miss Blanche Fralock has taken up her abode in Brockville for a time.  
Our school teachers are taking turns at being sick—first Miss Phippen, and now Mr. Gibson.  
Now that barley is in better demand our farmers say they are too busy to draw it—spring work is pressing.  
Our farmers are beginning to plow and sow on high land. It is all drying out very fast during this very favorable weather.  
We had service last Sunday at the Lutheran, and expect to re-open the Sabbath School there on Sabbath next at 2 o'clock.  
Some of our citizens have taken horses to the great "Grand" horse sale at Toronto and we suppose will bring back lots of money.  
There is great activity in the graveyard this week and last, interring the contents of the vault, while there are a number to be buried elsewhere.

The sugar social last week was a sweet affair: the lecture by Rev. C. O. Johnston captivated all hearts; the singing was good and the audience was as good as the roads would permit.  
While the York road is generally admitted to be the best in these parts, it is the universal testimony that it has never been known to be so bad before. It has cast up its accounts from the very bottom.  
Morven has been favored with a visit from Mr. James Davy, a resident of Syracuse, N.Y., but formerly a resident and a native of this place. It would be unnecessary to say that his mother and family were glad to see him, after an absence of nine years.

**Yarker.**  
Farmers have commenced spring work.  
Rev. A. Elliott made his farewell calls last week.  
Miss Mercy and Annie Irish have moved to Yarker.  
Mrs. Charles' dwelling is being overhauled and newly plastered.  
Mr. James Johnston will fit up a room here for searriage painting.  
Mr. Hugh Saul has the job of laying wall for John Emberly's barn.  
Mr. James Evans was the purchaser of the Rachael Huffman farm for \$3200.  
Rev. Mr. Woodcock gave his first sermon in the English church here Sunday last.  
Mr. D. Hill left for Norwood where he has taken the contract to finish wheels for Fry & Son.  
Mr. Peter Vanlaven has sold his interest in his grain warehouse at Napanee to Mr. James Yeomans, of Petworth.  
A train service north on the K. N. & W. Ry is very much needed. No person can get north and home again the same day.

who is now on the market, will occupy the Tichborne House barber shop about 1st May. Everything will be found in first class style.

**CHAS. STEVENS,**  
Customs Broker  
and Shipping Agent. Office, opposite Campbell House, three doors west Merchants Bank, Napanee. Parties having shipments to any point in the United States will find it to their interest to write or call on my. Enquiries by mail promptly answered. N.B.—Type-writing executed with neatness and dispatch.

**F. X. BEZO,**  
MANUFACTURER OF  
TENTS, AWNINGS, HAMMOCKS, WATERPROOF HORSE AND WAGON COVERS, BOAT SAILS, ETC.

**THE**  
Brisco House, Napanee.  
HUNT BROS. Props.

Having leased the Hotel and given it a good overhauling we are prepared to accommodate the general public. The sheds and barns are commodious, and a good hostler will be found to attend to your wants. Give us a call. 17d.

**MAIR'S**  
Machine Shop,  
Corner Adelaide & Bridge-sts., Napanee.

Steam Engines and all kinds of Boilers made to order. Also all kinds of machinery repaired on the shortest notice.

**THE SUN**  
Life Assurance Co.'s.  
Head Office, Montreal.  
Annual Income, \$25,273 55; Assets over, \$2,600,000; Assurance in force, \$16,925,100.  
J. Little, Peterboro, Inspector of Agencies; W. H. Hill, Peterboro, Manager for Central Ontario.  
Solely Rev. S. CARD, Local Agt. Napanee.

**H. BRADSHAW,**  
VETERINARY SURGEON,  
NAPANEE, ONT.

Honorary Graduate of Ontario Veterinary College, Toronto. Diseases of domestic animals treated by the latest and most approved system. Office, opposite Burns' livery stable, Dundas st. Orders by telephone will be promptly attended to. Charges moderate.

**INSURE IN THE**  
LONDON AND LANCASHIRE  
LIFE ASSURANCE CO.  
Government deposit over \$500,000  
G. A. CATON,  
General Agent, Newburgh, Ont.  
Active agents wanted.

**REMOVED.**  
"Phil" Vanalstine  
has removed his barber shop from the Tichborne house to the place on John street, formerly used as a Cudgion House, two doors north of Grange's drug store. A room, entirely separate from the barber shop, has been fitted up, where ladies' hair dressing and shampooing will be done every Monday and Friday afternoon.

**JAMES AYLWORTH,**  
Clerk, 7th Division Court,  
(County of Lennox and Addington.)  
ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES,  
CONVEYANCER,  
COMMISSIONER, ETC., IN H.C.J.  
Insurance, Money Lending and General Business Agent.  
TAMWORTH, ONT.

Noted for promptness and reliability.—Patrons solicited.

**N. A. CATON, INSURANCE AGENT.**  
Representing the following companies:  
London and Lancashire Life Assurance Company,  
Canadian Mutual Aid Association,  
Citizens' Accident Insurance Company,  
Quebec Fire Insurance Company.  
Office in the Grange Block, John st.  
NAPANEE, ONT.  
Rates and full particulars application.

**ECONOMICAL**  
Collecting Agency,  
E. A. CONNOLLY, MANAGER.

This kitchen has been established for ten years, and I am satisfied that my experience is a guarantee of a first-class article. All orders promptly attended to.  
**THOS. MEACHER,**  
Napanee, Ont.  
**CAMPBELL HOUSE, NAPANEE.**  
**H. G. MILLING, Prop.**

This fine and commodious house is being put in thorough repair, and will soon be more comfortable than ever.

The comfort of all guests is the first consideration at this house.

**COMMODIOUS SAMPLE ROOMS,**  
lit by gas, on the ground floor, and every convenience for the mercantile traveller. Telephone and telegraph communication.  
Good table daily, and the best of Wines, Liquors, Ales and Cigars.

Farmers will find first-class stabling for their accommodation, and at cheap rates. Their patronage solicited.

**THOS. SYMINGTON,**  
PRODUCE MERCHANT. DEALER IN  
**Flour, Feed, Seeds & Provisions**  
We have much pleasure in informing our numerous customers that Field and Garden Seeds are 10 per cent lower in price than last year. We exercise the greatest care to supply every article true to name and of the very first quality.  
Persons wishing to send orders for foreign seeds can save 15 per cent by entrusting their orders to us.

**GARDEN SEED DRILLS.**  
Plant, Matthews and Deer always on hand. Also a full stock of all kinds of Grass and Clover Seeds at lowest possible prices.

**DO NOT FORGET.**  
—WE IMPORT ALL OUR TEAS—  
and sell at wholesale prices. All fresh, new and pure—no compromise of our prices will convince anyone that we can and will do as we advertise.

**T. SYMINGTON.**  
Dundas Street, Napanee, Ont.

**IN THE HIGH COURT OF JUSTICE**  
—CHANCERY DIVISION.  
SCOTT vs. SCOTT.  
Pursuant to the judgment made in this action on the 14th day of March, A.D. 1890, there will be sold by Public Auction, with the approbation of Samuel Shaw Lazier, Esq., M. A. at his chambers in the Court House, in the Town of Napanee, on Friday, the 18th day of April, 1890, at 2 p.m., the following Real Estate, to-wit:  
Parcel No. 1.—Part of Lot No. 17 in the 1st concession of the Township of Camden, in the County of Lennox and Addington, being all that parcel of land bounded on the south by Napanee and Clark's Mills road, on the west by Egin street, on the north and east by Earl street, in the Village of Newburgh, excepting Lot No. 13 as laid down on a plan or map of the Village of Newburgh, made by Wm. R. Aylworth, P.L.S., dated November 10, 1883, and registered in the Registry Office of said county. Upon this parcel is erected a frame house and barn, both in fair repair.  
Parcel No. 2.—That parcel of land commencing on the limit between the west 1 and east 2 of Lot No. 18 in the 1st concession of said Township of Camden, on the south bank of the Napanee river at the water's edge; then southerly along the said limit 5 chains and 40 links more or less to a stake; then westerly 5 chains 20 links more or less to a stake planted about two rods from the edge of the mill pond; thence northerly parallel with the side line of said lot No. 17 40 rods more or less to the edge of the river; then northeasterly along the south shore of the river as it winds and turns more or less to the place of beginning; together with the right at all times of going to said parcel of land with horses, carts, wagons and cattle across the land formerly owned by Thomas Madden, near the bank of the river, and being composed of parts of Lots Nos. 17 and 18 in the 1st concession of the said Township of Camden. There are no buildings on this parcel. It is used as pasture land.  
Parcel No. 3.—The east half of a village lot, being part of Lot No. 17 in the 1st concession of the said Township of Camden, which may be known as follows: Commencing at a post on the south bank of the Napanee river which is situated on the east of the road leading north and south between Lots Nos. 16 and 17 in the 1st concession of Camden; thence south 2 rods more or less to a post planted at the corner of the street leading in an easterly direction; thence along said street 2 rods more or less to a post on the south corner of a lot now owned by Richard Madden; thence north 2 rods more or less to a post on the south bank of said river; thence along the bank of said river westerly 7 rods more or less to the place of beginning. Upon this parcel there is erected a small frame house.  
All the said parcels will be sold subject to reserve bids used by the Master.  
Terms of Sale—10 per cent at the time of sale, and the balance in a month thereafter without interest. In all other respects the terms and conditions of sale will be the standing conditions of sale of this court.  
For further particulars apply at the law office

Miss Annie Leonard intends returning to Delta in a few days to resume her music class.  
Mrs. J. MacDonald has returned home from an extended visit to friends in Cornwall.  
Visitors.—Miss Ross Donovan, Elginburgh; Mrs. Buckley Sharpton, W. Johnston, Odessa.  
Fred MacDonald after taking a course at the Kingston Collegiate College intends returning to Cornwall.  
The ladies of this vicinity who are possessed of fast steeds are taking advantage of the fine evenings and dry roads for their equestrian travels.  
On Sunday morning at 10 o'clock the funeral of the late Mrs. H. Bell took place from the residence of Benjamin Rose and proceeded to the C. M. church where service was conducted by the Rev. Thurlow. On the casket were beautiful floral offerings, the contribution of friends. She leaves a husband and infant son of two weeks old to regret her sad demise.

**Adolphustown.**  
Messrs. Farnsworth and Butler from Albert College, whose labors were so acceptable here last fall, will conduct service next Sabbath both morning and evening, in the Centennial church.

After having had the most terrible roads ever known in this vicinity they are becoming fairly passable again. The plow is fairly at work, and some little seeding has been done in favored spots.

Navigation is fairly opened for the season on the front Bay. The Hero and Reindeer made their first trips on Monday. Quite a fleet has cleared from the different Bay ports with ice for the other side, at prices that will give an ample remuneration.

The many friends of the Rev. David Wilson will be glad to learn that he will preach (D.V.) next Sabbath morning at Conway, and in the evening will take part in a platform service in the town hall, Silsville, in the interest of the missionary cause.

About forty of the young people of the Centennial church raided the parsonage on Tuesday evening, bringing with them syrup and sugar for a real old-time social. With plenty of good cheer, vocal and instrumental music, and parlor recitations, a very pleasant evening was spent.

The funeral of the late Solomon Wright, of South Fredericksburgh, was held in the Conway church on Friday last, and a large congregation attended to pay the last tribute of respect to his memory. The church was heavily draped in mourning.

(From another correspondent.)  
The roads are drying up.  
Farmers are starting to sow.

The best party of the season was held at Mr. Fred H. Pollard's last week.

Miss Jennie Arthurs intends going away for a few days to visit her sister in Kingston.

Mr. Fred Pollard intends moving in a few days.

Mr. D. W. Allison has purchased a fine team of horses.

Mr. D. W. Allison is talking of letting the Glib farm.

Mr. Duffett wants a first-class clerk as business is so rushing.

Mr. J. F. Chalmers has rented D. W. Allison's dock. We wish you luck Jack.

See the \$12 Suits to Order at  
**LAHEY & McKENTY'S.**

**Pictou.**  
The steamers' whistles are heard again. The Persia left for Cleveland Wednesday. The fishing season this spring has been a successful one.

Messrs. H. C. McMullen and Capt. E. S. Stanton are in Toronto.

D. S. Austin is now stopping in town and attending High School.

There will be horse races on the agricultural grounds on 24th of May.

The schooners that were loaded with ice have left for their destined ports.

The recent rains have left the roads in a deplorable state, but they are beginning to dry.

Mr. W. Farlow left for Chicago on Wednesday. He has secured a place on the B. & O. R.R.

Mr. A. C. Miller shipped on Friday twenty-one horses to Herkimer, N.Y., per C. O. R.R.

Mr. Martin, C. P. R. agent, has sold over twenty tickets to persons going to Pacific Coast and Dakota.

Mr. W. Stevenson, of Bank of Montreal, Cornwall, was the guest of Registrar McKenzie last week.

Miss Ella Gibson left on Friday for Langdon, Dak. She was accompanied as far as Trenton by Mr. J. Hutchinson.

On Sunday night as the people were

Some of our citizens have taken horses to the great "Grand" horse sale at Toronto and we suppose will bring back lots of money.

There is great activity in the graveyard this week and last, interring the contents of the vault, while there are a number to be buried elsewhere.

The sugar social last week was a sweet affair; the lecture by Rev. C. O. Johnston captivated all hearts; the singing was good and the audience was as good as the roads would permit.

While the York road is generally admitted to be the best in these parts, it is the universal testimony that it has never been known to be so bad before. It has cast up its accounts from the very bottom.

Morven has been favored with a visit from Mr. James Davy, a resident of Syracuse, N.Y., but formerly a resident and a native of this place. It would be unnecessary to say that his mother and family were glad to see him, after an absence of nine years.

**Yarker.**  
Farmers have commenced spring work. Rev. A. Elliott made his farewell call last week.

Miss Mercy and Annie Irish have moved to Yarker.

Mrs. Charles' dwelling is being overhauled and newly plastered.

Mr. James Johnston will fit up a room here for carriage painting.

Mr. Hugh Saul has the job of laying wall for John Embery's barn.

Mr. James Evans was the purchaser of the Rachael Huffman farm for \$3200.

Rev. Mr. Woodcock gave his first sermon in the English church here Sunday last.

Mr. D. Hill left for Norwood where he has taken the contract to finish wheels for Fry & Son.

Mr. Peter Vanluven has sold his interest in his grain warehouse at Napanee to Mr. James Yeomans, of Petworth.

A train service north on the K. N. & W. Ry. is very much needed. No person can get north and home again the same day.

The farmers who invested in hullers oats will be interested in the judgment of Judge Fralick, who gave his decision in favor of the farmers.

Sugar socials are now the order of the day; one will be given here in the C. M. Church on the 22d inst., so come and get sweetened up for the fly season.

The millers have taken advantage of the increased duty on flour. Although the duty has been increased the present state of the market does not warrant the increase in price. This is another move to rob the laboring man of his wages.

Some ladies were heard to express themselves on the speech of Hon. George Foster as regards the prosperity of the farmers: "Did you ever see the like of that? Is it not terrible that a man like that should get up and make such statements."

Hear Hon. George Foster in his debate: "If Canadians meet with difficulties in the way of retaliatory legislation (by U.S.), face it—not as cravens, but as brave men."

Canadians are not cowards, but in this case we cannot help ourselves; for a man's foes are those of his own household.

Conversation between Grit and Tory.—Tory—"Mowat has got to go this time sure; got the bulge on him this time." Grit—"Why, how is that?" Tory—"Why, he has gone and put 5 cents a dozen on eggs, and \$30 on a horse; the farmers won't stand that this time." And this from a Tory who takes an active part in all campaigns.

**Odessa.**  
The Salvationists had a big go Thursday night. The brass band from the city assisted.

Thomas Gardiner and family, east York road, have removed to Elginburgh. He has leased a farm there.

Corporals F. Sehermehorn and T. Kenny, No. 10 Co., 47th Batt., who have completed a creditable three months' course attached to No. 1 Company, Newfort, Toronto, have arrived home.

Mr. Elliott, collector of customs, Napanee, was to have spoken here at the At Home by the Endeavor last week, but owing to the bad roads and weather did not appear. The entertainment was, however, quite successful.

Hon. J. B. Vinton gave a rousing temperance lecture to a large audience at the Methodist church on Tuesday evening last.

Twenty three years ago he lectured here on the same topic, and as a speaker has lost none of his oldtime vim.

"Broadbrim," of the Whig, is always read here with a relish. His conversation a while ago with reference to the wealthy Anna Jans Bogardus was overheard here





# FREE EXPRESS.

—FRIDAY, APRIL 18, 1890.

\$1 per year in advance; \$1.50 if not so paid.

tors of the past year. The retiring churchwardens, Messrs. Harvey Shaw and Wm. Milsap were re-elected; Mr. T. Milsap and J. A. Timmerman being appointed auditors.

## Selby.

(Received too late for last issue.)

Mr. Geo. Cleall, our enterprising townsman, who has charge of the dairy interests of this section, is busy getting everything ready for the season's work. He reports a large increase of patronage.

The social and lecture which was held under the auspices of the Young People's Literary Society in the Methodist Church, on Wednesday night, was a grand success in every respect. The half hour spent in the basement over the hot coffee and salmon sandwiches was most agreeably spent in social chit-chat, and then the after-entertainment in the audience room of the church was indeed highly entertaining and soul-elevating as well. The young people gave three choruses which pleased everybody, but the most part of the programme was given by Rev. C. O. Johnston, who delivered in masterly style his celebrated lecture on "Influences," and also two solos, with guitar accompaniment. To say that Mr. Johnston pleased everybody is only a very tame way of expressing it—the whole audience was held spellbound for an hour and ten minutes with Mr. Johnston's eloquence and oratory, and the many happy hits and apt illustrations brought down the house.

Annual the Prettiest Prints in town are at DANIEL & MCKENY'S.

## Deseronto.

The sugar social held by the Royal Templars last Friday evening was a success.

Mr. Weidenmark, of Ottawa, has been visiting friends in Deseronto for a few days this week.

Miss Hettie Crawford, who has been visiting up west, returned home last Tuesday.

Miss Preddie, of the High School, has returned to Deseronto after spending her Easter holidays very pleasantly in Campbellford.

Mr. A. W. Sills who for the past winter has resided in Conway, has returned home, looking well.

The steamer Hero touched at this port last Saturday on her first trip of the season. She looked very neat.

Rev. R. J. Craig preached the funeral sermon of Mr. Fred Mott in the Presbyterian church last Sabbath.

James Stokes has purchased from the Rathbun Co. the house on Dundas street now occupied by him.

Marshall Parks has purchased from the Rathbun Co. the house and lot occupied by P. Sills.

W. W. Power has resumed his old position as purser for the Deseronto Navigation Co., and the ladies' are radiant with smiles at every port.

## PUBLIC OPINION.

Intimate friends of Premier Mercier say that an agreement has been come to by the three Premiers of Ontario, Quebec and Nova Scotia, to have the Provincial General elections take place simultaneously on the 10th of June, nominations a week earlier.—Star.

A traveler just in from Bridgewater, Hastings county, tells a gruesome story of the state of affairs in that big lumber district. He says that men who in former years were earning \$25 to \$30 a month in the woods this season were glad to get \$14 and \$15. So hard-up is the ordinary resident that families were kept in all winter through lack of funds to buy proper clothing to face the rigors of the season. The traveler capped his tale of woe by stigmatizing Bridgewater as Starvation Town.—Toronto World.

The Opposition have had it all their own way in the debate over the tariff resolutions. This fact has been so apparent to the Gov.

## THE INFANTILE DONT'S.

EVEN THE BABY HAS BECOME THE OBJECT OF REFORM.

**Bell Nelson Tells of the Most Approved Way of Bringing Up Children—New York Ladies Who Will Not Allow Their Babies to Be Kissed—Ventilation and Proper Diet.**

Even the baby is the victim of reform. Methods employed twenty years ago are intolerable in the nursery of to-day.

The infantile don'ts are almost as numerous as the etiquette negatives.

Among the approved are:

Don't rock the baby.

Don't let him sleep in a warm room.

Don't let him sleep with his head under cover.

Don't let him sleep with his mouth open.

Don't "pat" him to sleep.

Don't try to make him sleep if he is not sleepy.

Don't let him nap in the afternoon.

Don't let him be kissed.

Don't let him wear any garment that is tight enough to bind his throat, arms, waist or wrists.

Don't have ball-buttons on the back of his dress.

Don't have clumsy sashes on the back of his dress.

Don't cool his food by blowing it.

Don't feed him with tablespoon.

Don't use a tube nursing-bottle.

Don't change the milk you started with.

Don't bathe him in hot or cold water.

Don't bathe him more than three times a week.

Don't allow a comb to touch his head.

Don't let him eat at the family table.

Don't let him taste meat until he is two.

Don't let him sleep on a pillow.

Don't coax, tease, torment, mimic or scold him.

Don't whip him.

Don't make him cry.

Don't notice him when he pouts.

Don't frighten him.

Don't tell him about ghosts, boogaboos or bad places.

Don't shake him.

Don't put him in short shoes.

Don't dance, jump or dandle him.

Don't overfeed him.

Don't let him sleep with an adult.

Don't place him face to face on a bed or in a carriage with another child.

Don't let him swallow things or eat ashes.

Don't let him roll downstairs.

Don't let him fall out of windows.

Don't teach him to walk.

Don't wash him with lye soap.

Don't let him chew painted cards.

Don't expose his eye to the sun unless protected by a peaked hat or veil.

Don't scream in his ear.

Don't rap him under the chin.

Don't lift him by the wrists or arms.

Don't starch any of his clothes.

Don't allow him to wear wet bibs.

Don't worry him.

Don't give him anything to eat between meals.

No babies in New York City had better care than the small son and tiny daughter of Mr. Douglas Green.

He took an apartment in the Navarro to have Central Park for their playground. For a while the family lived on the ground floor. It occurred to the fond father that the air was rarer and sweeter higher up, and he moved to the fifth floor, devoting the best room in the apartment to the nursery.

Here the song of mocking birds and canaries, the chirping of blue birds and orioles and the perfume of window gardens made the air musical, merry and delicious.

Here the little tots lived and grew in beauty and health attended by efficient and intelligent nurses, watched over by a devoted and lovely young mother and surrounded by innumerable toys that instructed as well as amused them. The room

## HIGH PRICED TROTTERS.

Where Will They Stop; Either in Time or Price?

In the trotting world there is no more suggestive topic than the striking advance of prices commanded by gilt edged stock.

A year ago, when \$51,000 had been paid for Bell Boy and \$26,000 for the 2-year-old Mascot and big sums for other choice animals, many breeders and turf patrons shook their heads at what they deemed inflated prices that could not last long. But since that time even more sensational figures have been reported.

The highest price ever paid for a horse was realized when the 3-year-old Axtell was recently sold for \$105,000, while Mr. Bonner has given more than \$40,000 for a filly of the same age, and at a recent sale a 2-year-old colt fetched \$24,100.

These, it is true, are exceptional cases. But look at the general averages. They are unprecedented. The eighty-seven animals offered by Mr. Rose reached an average of \$2,713, while twenty-five from another California establishment averaged \$2,085.

Evidently the limit of the upward tendency has not yet been reached, and there are enthusiasts who predict that the most richly bred stock horses will yet command from a hundred and fifty to two hundred thousand dollars. Indeed, they declare that some such fabulous price would now be brought by Senator Stanford's Electioneer if he were put up for sale, and Senator Stanford is confident that he has coming colts which will eclipse even this great sire. Unprecedented as was the sum paid for Axtell, it is looked upon by the purchasers as a profitable investment, and it must prove so if the horse lives, since his earnings in three years will exceed his cost.

But what is to be the end and what the result of this striking upward movement in prices for trotting blood? That is a problem which only time can solve. If, however, it keeps on much longer, one result must be that only great capitalists and millionaires can indulge in producing the most fashionable trotting strains, since a very large fortune will be required to secure a very few stock horses.—New York Herald.

## Work for Women.

In many parts of the country women are very successful as gardeners or florists, and taking the risk of precarious weather, wet and dry seasons, etc., the poultry business stands in advance of either of those occupations. Eggs will always sell and a fine fat chick is always wanted. If it is possible, keep some distinct breed, as the keeping costs no more and the margins of profit are larger when choice fowls take the place of the raffish stock.

We are glad to be able to say there are many already in the poultry business who have not only made money by this means, but have gained and regained health and strength, the greatest of all earthly blessings. This is one side of the question.

Many women of moderate means have found it more difficult, in these last hard years, to get a living than the men even. If this paper should fall under the eye of any such, we say to them "try poultry keeping." The first outlay need not be large, and the occupation is just suited to woman. Gentleness is more needed than strength, and the first quality is

## POLITICAL AND GENERAL

Mr. C. H. Mackintosh has accepted the Conservative nomination for Ottawa.

The reception to Henry M. Stanley in London has been set for May 2nd. The Prince of Wales will preside.

Edith—"I wonder why the dudes wear one eyeglass." Deborah—"To prevent seeing more than they are able to comprehend."

An influential delegation has been appointed by the Newfoundland government to visit England, and another to visit Canada to enlist moral support in the lobster dispute with France.

Wm. Young, aged 40, died in Toronto on Monday night. Bruises were discovered on his head, and his brother Robert, with whom the deceased was not on the best of terms, was arrested on suspicion.

Cheyenne, Banner and other counties in western Nebraska had a windstorm a few days ago that blew the wheat out of the ground over thousands of acres. The farmers are rendered destitute, and a call for aid will be issued by the governor.

The New York, Ontario and Western Railroad Company has issued bonds for \$100,000,000, secured by a mortgage to the Mercantile Trust Company on all its lines of route, equipment and stock. The bonds are redeemable in gold, payable in forty years, with interest at 5 per cent.

A Washington correspondent of the Boston Journal says: "Members of the Ways and Means committee have received copies of the new Canadian tariff now pending before the Dominion parliament, and they say that it fully justifies every step they have taken towards imposing higher duties on Canadian farm products which come in competition with those of the U. S."

Mr. William Meggs, who has resided in Gananoque for the past fifty-eight years, died suddenly while eating his supper last Wednesday evening. He has been subject to weak spells and partial fainting fits for a year past, but had not been laid up. Wednesday evening he did his chores as usual, bringing in wood and coal, and was then called to supper. While sitting at the table he was taken with a faintness which quickly ended in death.

London, April 12.—The election to fill the vacancy in the House of Commons for the Carnarvon district, caused by the death of Edmund Swetenham, Conservative, resulted in the return of Lloyd George, Liberal, who received 1,964 votes. His opponent, Ellis Nanney, Conservative, received 1,941 votes. At the last election Swetenham received 1,820 votes and Jones Parry, Home Ruler, 1,684.

NIAGARA FALLS, Ont., April 13.—Yesterday afternoon, while young Harry Preston was setting squirrel traps at the base of the 100-foot precipice, a few rods south of the Cantleaver Bridge, Canada side, he came across the skeleton of a man lying on the rocks. The flesh had entirely left the bones which were white and dry. The clothing was still in a fair state of preservation.

The general supposition is that it is the remains of Robert Thompson, who resided here and has been missing for the past three years and was supposed to have fallen over the bank.

Wanted to Save Their Necks. The most comical mishap that ever befell a fire engine occurred recently at Toledo. The noise of an approaching fire apparatus startled a sixty-five year old countryman and his wife as they were making their way along the sidewalk. To grab his wife's green umbrella and rush into the middle of the street directly in the path of the oncoming steeds was the work of a moment for the excited farmer. His gyrations and shouting brought the horse to a sudden stop. The fire laddies drove off swearing, but the crowd cheered the old fellow as he returned to the sidewalk, muttering, "Tarnation



returned home last Tuesday.  
Miss Prendie, of the High School, has returned to Deseronto after spending her Easter holidays very pleasantly in Campbellford.  
Mr. A. W. Sills who for the past winter has resided in Conway, has returned home, looking well.  
The steamer Hero touched at this port last Saturday on her first trip of the season. She looked very neat.  
Rev. R. J. Craig preached the funeral sermon of Mr. Fred Mott in the Presbyterian church last Sabbath.  
James Stokes has purchased from the Rathbun Co. the house on Dundas street now occupied by him.  
Marshall Parks has purchased from the Rathbun Co. the house and lot occupied by P. Sills.  
W. W. Power has resumed his old position as purser for the Deseronto Navigation Co., and the ladies are radiant with smiles at every port.

PUBLIC OPINION.

Intimate friends of Premier Mercier say that an agreement has been come to by the three Premiers of Ontario, Quebec and Nova Scotia, to have the Provincial General elections take place simultaneously on the 10th of June; nominations a week earlier.—Star.  
A traveler just in from Bridgewater, Hastings county, tells a gossamer story of the state of affairs in that big lumber district. He says that men who in former years were earning \$25 to \$30 a month in the woods this season were glad to get \$14 and \$15. So hard-up is the ordinary resident that families were kept in all winter through lack of funds to buy proper clothing to face the rigors of the season. The traveler capped his tale of woe by stigmatizing Bridgewater as Starvation Town.—Toronto World.  
The Opposition have had it all their own way in the debate over the tariff resolutions. This fact has been so apparent to the Government and its supporters all through that the organs throughout the country have not published even abstracts of the speeches of the members of the Opposition. The Government has, however, brute force in the shape of a majority which is not moved in the least by reason, and the work of increasing the burden of taxation goes gaily on.—Witness.  
There seems to be some doubt as to whether the "Society" people of Woodstock received "Lord Somerset" with open arms when he favored that prosperous town with his presence a year ago. It is understood that the upper ten deny the soft impeachment. At all events they don't call upon him now and he finds it inconvenient to call on them. Whatever the facts may be in regard to Woodstock it is notorious that every city and town in the Province has been sold by a Lord of some kind at one time or another. It seems to give people pleasure to be gulled and the bogus Lords have always found the business profitable. So long as there is profit on the one side and pleasure on the other why should not the "Lord" business go on?—Canada Presbyterian.  
A number of women employed in Government service at Chicago have been dismissed to make way for Republicans of the male sex, who have votes. This act is neither gallant nor polite on the part of President Harrison. The women can probably influence as many votes one way as the administration will gain the other. A better plan would have been to give the women votes and let them keep their situations. The insurance, however, shows to what lengths party politics are proceeding over the border. Sounder principles in civil service affairs, and their relation to politics require disfranchisement of all persons engaged as permanent Government officials. Judges and inland Revenue officials are disfranchised, and regard it as fortunate. Politics are the bane of the civil service, both in the United States and Canada. The disfranchisement of Dominion officials by our Local Legislature shows how it works this side of the line. Star.  
If the Finance Minister of the Dominion, Hon. Mr. Foster, or our own member, Mr. H. A. Ward, had been here on Saturday, they might perchance have been convinced that such a thing as depression existed in this part of her Majesty's Dominion at least. The well known Taylor farm, in the neighboring Township of Hamilton, 166 acres, situated about five miles—an equal distance—from Cobourg and Port Hope, was offered for sale by auction, under the auspices of the Queen's Hotel on that day. The highest bid received was \$19 per acre, 35 years ago \$78 per acre was asked for the same farm. Not in the

Don't coax, tease, torment, mimic or scold him.  
Don't whip him.  
Don't make him cry.  
Don't notice him when he pouts.  
Don't frighten him.  
Don't tell him about ghosts, boogaboos or bad places.  
Don't shake him.  
Don't put him in short shoes.  
Don't dance, jump or dandle him.  
Don't overfeed him.  
Don't let him sleep with an adult.  
Don't place him face to face on a bed or in a carriage with another child.  
Don't let him swallow things or eat ashes.  
Don't let him roll downstairs.  
Don't let him fall out of windows.  
Don't teach him to walk.  
Don't wash him with lye soap.  
Don't let him chew printed cards.  
Don't expose his eye to the sun unless protected by a peaked hat or veil.  
Don't scream in his ear.  
Don't rap him under the chin.  
Don't lift him by the wrists or arms.  
Don't starch any of his clothes.  
Don't allow him to wear wet bibs.  
Don't worry him.  
Don't give him anything to eat between meals.  
No babies in New York City had better care than the small son and tiny daughter of Mr. Douglas Green. He took an apartment in the Navarro to have Central Park for their playground. For a while the family lived on the ground floor. It occurred to the fond father that the air was rarer and sweeter higher up, and he moved to the fifth floor, devoting the best room in the apartment to the nursery.  
Here the song of mocking birds and canaries, the chirping of blue birds and orioles and the perfume of window gardens made the air musical, merry and delicious.  
Here the little tots lived and grew in beauty and health attended by efficient and intelligent nurses, watched over by a devoted and lovely young mother and surrounded by innumerable toys that instructed as well as amused them. The room in which they slept had two little brass beds, but no fire winter or summer, and the system of ventilation was such that the air was as fresh and pure as it was possible to have it and preclude draughts.  
Not content with the superior excellence of the plumbing, Mr. Green had every foot of pipe overhauled at his own expense to make sure that there was no sewer gas. The bath in which the little ones were refreshed was the same temperature as the child's body, a thermometer being used to determine both. By the same means the health condition of the baby was ascertained every day, and also the heat of the bread and milk and formula. Every drop of water used in preparing the food and drink was carefully filtered.  
They took their napping in a carriage if it was foggy and on foot in fair weather. They had high top boots, for wading purposes, and they not only used them but actually wore them out. A physician was hired by the year, who was summoned, not to make them well, but to prevent their getting sick. Mr. Green believed in prevention. His object was perfect physical development, which he attained to a remarkable extent. The children are not only beautiful personally and physically, but have the manners and bearings belonging to a Royal household.  
Gastronomically they knew nothing of a surfeit. They had plenty of cold water and sweet milk to drink, an abundance of brown bread and butter, cereals and broths with mashed potatoes and beef extracts. California fruits comprised the dessert. Meat and bombons were forbidden articles of diet.  
The sweet little two-year-old daughter of Mrs. Seel-McCrea had the same careful nurturing, with the addition of a French maid who taught the blonde toddler to lisp the Parisian tongue. The cost alone of keeping the baby in clean clothes amounted to \$5 a week. She slept in a canopy crib, muffled up in eider down and Persian lamb, with the nursery window wide open. If the pink in her cheeks paled, Dr. Bowles was summoned and ordered to restore the color. Not allowed to give medicine, he once prescribed a pug dog, with long reins, fringed with silver bells. Nannette helped drive the wild poodle up Fifth avenue and tiny Allie Seel-McCrea came back with the color of the Jacquemint rose in her cheek, ate her supper, went to bed and slept twelve hours. The doctor's fees and the prescription only cost \$15, but who says it was much?

Mrs. George Gould has two beautiful boys, and like Mr. Green and Mrs. Seel-McCrea, her object from their birth has been to make perfect animals of them.  
These diminutive millionaires have a doctor, two nurses and a maid between them, and every morning, from 11 to 1, a coachman

is looked upon by the purchasers as a profitable investment, and it must prove so if the horse lives, since his earnings in three years will exceed his cost.  
But what is to be the end and what the result of this striking upward movement in prices for trotting blood? That is a problem which only time can solve. If, however, it keeps on much longer, one result must be that only great capitalists and millionaires can indulge in producing the most fashionable trotting strains, since a very large fortune will be required to secure a very few stock horses.—New York Herald.

Work for Women.  
In many parts of the country women are very successful as gardeners or florists, and taking the risk of precarious weather, wet and dry seasons, etc., the poultry business stands in advance of either of those occupations. Eggs will always sell and a fine fat chick is always wanted. If it is possible, keep some distinct breed, as the keeping costs no more and the margins of profit are larger when choice fowls take the place of the raffish stock.  
We are glad to be able to say there are many already in the poultry business who have not only made money by this means, but have gained and regained health and strength, the greatest of all earthly blessings. This is one side of the question.  
Many women of moderate means have found it more difficult, in these last hard years, to get a living than the men even. If this paper should fall under the eye of any such, we say to them "try poultry keeping." The first outlay need not be large, and the occupation is just suited to woman. Gentleness is more needed than strength, and the first quality is essentially woman's.—American Poultry Yard.

Points of Interest.  
An English poulterer has been fined for plucking live geese. What would British magistrates say to the practice among American farm women of plucking them every six weeks, winter and summer? Some geese owners have recently tried shearing ducks and geese instead of plucking them, with excellent results. The beds and pillows made from the sheared feathers were beautifully light and downy, being without the quill ends of the feathers. One or two of the birds might be tried at a time, and, if the shearing works well, the whole flock might be clipped next goose picking time. Shearing is certainly a far more merciful way.  
There is a scarcity in the country of large brood mares. The small mare on a stock farm is going out of favor. Mares with a strain of Clyde or Percheron blood in them are the best.  
W. H. Macomber says: "My poultry pay all my family and farm expenses. I take as much care of my chickens as some people do of their children. In winter I keep a fire in their home quarters, and they lay every month in the year. I had rather have hens than cows for profit."  
Mr. H. Baumgaertner has found that the English sparrow will not nest in boxes that have no outside perch. Bluebirds, on the contrary, prefer boxes without an outside perch. When, therefore, a bird box is erected with no place for the feet on the outside, the bluebirds will build their nests therein and the sparrows cannot drive them away.  
A horse is said to be in his prime at 10 years old, a sheep at 5, a cow at 7 and a mule at 15. They will last rather longer than that if they are on soil where there is not much sand in the pasture. The grit wears out their teeth.  
Dark colored eggs are said to be coming into fashion for table use. Very dark ones are laid by the dark Brahmas.  
Robert Bonner says about buying horses at the great sales: At these public auctions I think the hesitation and waiting for bargains is a mistake. If a man sees an animal he wants let him bid

Gananogue for the past fifty-eight years, died suddenly while eating his supper last Wednesday evening. He has been subject to weak spells and partial fainting fits for a year past, but had not been laid up. Wednesday evening he did his chores as usual, bringing in wood and coal, and was then called to supper. While sitting at the table he was taken with a faintness which quickly ended in death.  
LONDON, April 12.—The election to fill the vacancy in the house of commons for the Carnarvon district, caused by the death of Edmund Swetenham, Conservative, resulted in the return of Lloyd George, Liberal, who received 1,964 votes. His opponent, Ellis Nannor, Conservative, received 1,944 votes. At the last election Swetenham received 1,820 votes and Jones Parry, Home Ruler, 1,684.  
NIAGARA FALLS, Ont., April 13.—Yesterday afternoon, while young Harry Preston was setting squirrel traps at the base of the 100-foot precipice, a few rods south of the Cantleiver Bridge, Canada side, he came across the skeleton of a man lying on the rocks. The flesh had entirely left the bones which were white and dry. The clothing was still in a fair state of preservation.  
The general supposition is that it is the remains of Robert Thompson, who resided here and has been missing for the past three years and was supposed to have fallen over the bank.  
Wanted to Save Their Necks.—The most comical mishap that ever befell a fire engine occurred recently at Toledo. The noise of an approaching fire apparatus startled a sixty-five year old countryman and his wife as they were making their way along the sidewalk. To grab his wife's green umbrella and rush into the middle of the street directly in the path of the oncoming steeds was the work of a moment for the excited farmer. His gyrations and shouting brought the horse to a sudden stop. The fire laddies drove off swearing, but the crowd cheered the old fellow as he returned to the sidewalk, muttering: "Tarnation fools, let 'em run away if they want to. I'll never risk my life to save their necks again."

EPISCOPAL KITTENS.—Small boy: "Do you want to buy some Presbyterian kittens? Minister: Kittens! No; go along." A week later the boy calls at the "Episcopal Rectory" and asks the rector if he wants to buy some "Piscopal kittens." Rector replies, "Episcopal kittens! Why I never heard of such a thing." Just then the Presbyterian minister who was calling at the house, came out and said, "Look here! Aren't you the boy that came to my house a week ago to sell some Presbyterian kittens? Small boy: Yes, sir. Minister: Well aren't these the same kittens? Small boy: Yes, sir. Minister: Well how is it they are Episcopal kittens now? Small boy: Why you see when I brought 'em to you they hadn't got their eyes open yet. Exit Presbyterian minister.

DAYTON, O., April 11. Letters have been received from Rev. Edward Mason, a resident of this city and pastor of the progressive Brethren Church at Miamisburg, confessing that he is a forger and that he is on his way to Wales to reclaim an inheritance, or failing in that to kill himself. He leaves a wife destitute, having squandered a small inheritance of hers. He left home April 3d, saying he was going to St. Louis to preach a funeral sermon, but instead he went to New York, whence he wrote to his wife and others making the above statements. He forged notes and borrowed money from a number of banks. The amount is not known and it is a mystery what was done with the proceeds. Mason had a high standing in religious circles and is an author of some repute. It is said he was addicted to the use of opiates.

TORONTO, April 11.—A few days ago a gentleman who has never taken an active interest in political affairs and who has no special sympathy with the Meredith party, was astonished at receiving a letter from a politician high in the councils of the Tory party demanding a large subscription to the campaign fund now being raised to aid Mr. Meredith at the coming general election for the Ontario Legislature. The writer made a most pathetic appeal for assistance, and his statements disclose a conspiracy between the Dominion Government and the Tories in the Ontario legislature to get possession of the government and resources of the province by means of race and religious cries, subsidies from the federal treasury and wholesale bribery. That the anti French and anti Catholic cries have been raised in Ontario in the interest of the MacDonald Thompson Langvin government is now clearly established.

Government has, however, brute force in the shape of a majority which is not moved in the least by reason, and the work of increasing the burden of taxation goes gaily on. Witness.

There seems to be some doubt as to whether the "Society" people of Woodstock received "Lord Somerset" with open arms when he favored that prosperous town with his presence a year ago. It is understood that the upper ten deny the soft impeachment. At all events they don't call upon him now and he finds it inconvenient to call on them. Whatever the facts may be in regard to Woodstock it is notorious that every city and town in the Province has been sold by a Lord of some kind at one time or another. It seems to give people pleasure to be gulled and the bogus Lords have always found the business profitable. So long as there is profit on the one side and pleasure on the other why should not the "Lord" business go on?—Canada Presbyterian.

A number of women employed in Government service at Chicago have been dismissed to make way for Republicans of the male sex, who have votes. This act is neither gallant nor polite on the part of President Harrison. The women can probably influence as many votes one way as the Administration will gain the other. A better plan would have been to give the women votes and let them keep their situations. The injustice, however, shows to what lengths party politics are proceeding over the border. Sounder principles in civil service affairs, and their relation to politics require disfranchisement of all persons engaged as permanent Government officials. Judges and Inland Revenue officials are disfranchised, and regard it as fortunate. Politics are the bane of the civil service, both in the United States and Canada. The disfranchisement of Dominion officials by our Local Legislature shows how it works this side of the line. Star.

If the Finance Minister of the Dominion, Hon. Mr. Foster, or our own member, Mr. H. A. Ward, had been here on Saturday, they might perchance have been convinced that such a thing as depression existed in this part of her Majesty's Dominion at least. The well known Taylor farm, in the neighboring Township of Hamilton, 166 acres, situated about five miles, an equal distance from Cobourg and Port Hope, was offered for sale by auction, under more at the Queen's Hotel on that day, where the highest bid received was \$49 per acre—18 years ago \$78 per acre was received for the same farm. Yet in the face of such facts the Finance Minister, and our own member too, hurls the term traitor at all and sundry who in the best interests of the country call a halt in the lavish expenditure of the government in increasing the enormous debt that is rolling up year by year. Who is the traitor, the traitor the one who recognizes the state of things and points to the only remedy—retrenchment; or those smooth-tongued gentlemen who talk so glibly about the prosperity of the Canadian farmer? Mr. Ward will find when he comes to again ask for the suffrages of the agriculturists of this country, whether he has represented them fairly in this matter or not. Port Hope Guide.

Our protective tariff discriminates against the poor and in favor of the rich. While the government imposes a tariff that is virtually 45 per cent to the poor man they admit Brussels carpet at 25 per cent, and the poorer classes do not use that luxury. Brussels carpet can come in at 25 per cent and the poor man's tinware is charged 35 per cent. The government admit silk at 30 per cent and charge the poor man 42 per cent on his cotton dress stuff. They admit German and nickel silver cutlery, which poor men don't use, at 25 per cent and charge on nails, tools, and iron implements 35 per cent. They admit gold and silver jewellery at only 20 per cent, while they charge on agricultural implements and trimmings for harness 35 per cent. They admit kid tan for ladies' shoes at 10 per cent and charge the poor man for his upper leather 20 per cent. They admit kid gloves at 30 per cent and charge the poor man on his cotton back 35 per cent. They admit table cutlery for 25 per cent and charge the poor man for his harrows, mowing machines, spades, forks and other articles which he uses on his farm a tariff of from 35 to 40 per cent. They admit silk hats for the city gents at 25 per cent and charge the poor man with the goods with which he wants to clothe his wife 32 per cent. They admit bamboo rods for fancy walking canes free, strings for musical instruments free, raw silk for manufacturing purposes free, and charge the farmer 25 per cent on his binding twine. The tariff is in reality a rich man's tariff.—Picton Times.

have it and preclude draughts. Not content with the superior excellence of the plumbing, Mr. Green had every foot of pipe overhauled at his own expense to make sure that there was no sewer gas. The bath in which the little ones were refreshed was the same temperature as the child's body, a thermometer being used to determine both. By the same means the health condition of the baby was ascertained every day, and also the heat of the bread and milk and bouillon. Every drop of water used in preparing the food and drink was carefully filtered.

They took their outing in a carriage if it was foggy and on foot in fair weather. They had high top boots, for wading purposes, and they not only used them but actually wore them out. A physician was hired by the year, who was summoned, not to make them well, but to prevent their getting sick. Mr. Green believed in prevention. His object was perfect physical development, which he attained to a remarkable extent. The children are not only beautiful personally and physically, but brave the manners and bearings belonging to a Royal household.

Gastronomically they knew nothing of a surfeit. They had plenty of cold water and sweet milk to drink, an abundance of brown bread and butter, cereals and broths with mashed potatoes and beef extracts. California fruits comprised the dessert. Meat and bonbons were forbidden articles of diet.

The sweet little two-year-old daughter of Mrs. St. el-McCrea had the same careful nurturing, with the addition of a French maid who taught the blonde toddler to lisp the Parisian tongue. The cost alone of keeping the baby in clean clothes amounted to \$3 a week. She slept in a canopy crib, muffled up in eider down and Persian lamb, with the nursery window wide open. If the pink in her cheeks paled, Dr. Bowles was summoned and ordered to restore the color. Not allowed to give medicine, he once prescribed a pug dog, with long reins, fringed with silver bells. Nannette helped drive the wild poodle up Fifth avenue and tiny Allie St. el-McCrea came back with the color of the Jacquemint rose in her cheek, at her supper, went to bed and slept twelve hours. The doctor's fees and the prescription only cost \$15, but who says it was much?

Mrs. George Gould has two beautiful boys, and like Mr. Green and Mrs. St. el-McCrea, her object from their birth has been to make perfect animals of them.

These diminutive millionaires have a doctor, two nurses and a maid between them, and every morning, from 11 to 1, a coachman and a footman drive up to the curbstone in a brougham, and Kingdom Gould and Jay Gould II, with their white-aproned nurses, go off for the morning air. Nobly dares to kiss these sweet, eatable fellows. The nurse girls won't have it. Mrs. Gould won't have it, either, and a violation of her orders means instant dismissal. Approach one of the pink and white chubby boys with mouth made for a kiss and the maid will withdraw. If you persist she will frown; that failing, she will frankly say: "Excuse me but Mrs. Gould is a wise little woman, and her boys are a match for any pair of cherubs that ever wore wings in paint, print, marble or stained glass."—Nell Nelson, in the N. Y. World.

#### He Spoke His Mind.

During the long debate on Wednesday night last week, Mr. Davin, M. P. for Regina, and a good supporter of the Government, spoke his mind pretty freely. He pointed out that the grave question of immigration was being discussed in the absence of the leaders of the government. He continued: "We have at the head of the government a great manager of men but in some respects not a statesman. (Hear, hear.) We have one fine head in the administration, but after him?" and here Mr. Davin waved his hand with more eloquence than any words he could have used, and went on: "At the present time we have a cabinet of antiques. (Cheers.) I don't care how wide my statement is circulated. It must come out. We want a good movement, and we can save two millions of dollars a year if we fast back on the true principle of putting capable men in office. (Cheers.) It is a thing not to be stood any longer. It is unbearable. What have we got at the present moment. It is a government by deputy ministers. (Hear.) The Heart of the administration should be given to the formation of an immigration policy. You may say to me what is your scheme? Well I am not a minister and I am not going to peddle brains to a man who has none. (Great laughter.) We ought to have at the head of the department of the interior a genius and a man of resource. This country is not going to tolerate a government with simply animal magnetism at its head without any brains in the rest of the body. (Cheers.)"

An English poultier has been fined for plucking live geese. What would British magistrates say to the practice among American farm women of plucking them every six weeks, winter and summer? Some geese owners have recently tried shearing ducks and geese instead of plucking them, with excellent results. The beds and pillows made from the sheared feathers were beautifully light and downy, being without the quill ends of the feathers. One or two of the birds might be tried at a time, and, if the shearing works well, the whole flock might be clipped next goose picking time. Shearing is certainly a far more merciful way.

There is a scarcity in the country of large brood mares. The small mare on a stock farm is going out of favor. Mares with a strain of Clyde or Percheron blood in them are the best.

W. H. Macomber says: "My poultry pay all my family and farm expenses. I take as much care of my chickens as some people do of their children. In winter I keep a fire in their home quarters, and they lay every month in the year. I had rather have hens than cows for profit."

Mr. H. Baumgartner has found that the English sparrow will not nest in boxes that have no outside perch. Bluebirds, on the contrary, prefer boxes without an outside perch. When, therefore, a bird box is erected with no place for the feet on the outside, the bluebirds will build their nests therein and the sparrows cannot drive them away.

A horse is said to be in his prime at 10 years old, a sheep at 5, a cow at 7 and a mule at 15. They will last rather longer than that if they are on soil where there is not much sand in the pasture. The grit wears out their teeth.

Dark colored eggs are said to be coming into fashion for table use. Very dark ones are laid by the dark Brahmas.

Robert Bonner says about buying horses at the great sales: At these public auctions I think the hesitation and waiting for bargains is a mistake. If a man sees an animal he wants let him bid what he thinks is the value, and he is more apt to have it knocked down to him. Sometimes I have used a little discretion in this respect for my own protection, as some one seeing I wanted a particular horse might try to run up the price.

A mare of good, strong constitution will not be injured by raising a colt each year.

Farmers who let their stock crop the grass through the mild, open winter will find their pastures giving out on them entirely about midsummer.

All Tapestry and Wool Carpets at cost at LAHEY & MCKENTY'S.

SOME SYMPTOMS OF WORMS are: Fever, colic, variable appetite, restlessness, weakness and convulsions. The unfailing remedy is Dr. Low's Worm Syrup.

#### THE MARKETS

Flour, pastry per 100 lbs.	2 80
Flour, family per 100 lbs.	2 50
Flour, wheat per 100 lbs.	65 70
Spring wheat	75 80
Barley per ton	16 00
Shorts per ton	20 00
Oats	37 42
Peas	30 32
Beans	25 28
Barley	40 42
Rye	25 27
Buckwheat	40 42
Feed, head quarter	54 6
Beef, fore quarter	54 34
Mutton per lb.	7 8
Swine per lb.	8 9
Lard per lb.	53 60
Butter per lb.	18 20
Eggs per doz.	8 10
Hops per bag	10 12
Maple Syrup, per gal.	75 80
Maple Sugar, per lb.	10 12
Turnips per bag	40 42
Apples per bag	40 42
Ducks per pair	50 70
Chickens, per pair	45 40
Hay, per ton	4 00
Straw per load	2 00
Reef hides per cwt.	2 00
Sheepskins	30 30
Polts	60 70
Corn	18 20
Wood	4 50
Fox skins	50 1 20

A man who will habitually borrow a newspaper instead of subscribing will eat through his nose to save his teeth.

You want to buy some Presbyterian kittens? Minister: Kittens? No; go along. A week later the boy calls at the "Episcopal Rectory" and asks the rector if he wants to buy some Episcopal kittens. Rector replies, "Episcopal kittens? Why I never heard of such a thing." Just then the Presbyterian minister who was calling at the house came out and said, "Look here! Aren't you the boy that came to my house a week ago to sell some Presbyterian kittens? Small boy: Yes, sir. Minister: Well aren't these the same kittens? Small boy: Yes, sir. Minister: Well how is it they are Episcopal kittens now? Small boy: Why you see when I bring 'em to you they hadn't got their eyes open yet. Exit Presbyterian minister.

DAYTON, O., April 11. Letters have been received from Rev. Edward Mason, a resident of this city and pastor of the progressive Brethren Church at Miamisburg, confessing that he is a forger and that he is on his way to Wales to reclaim an inheritance, or failing in that to kill himself. He leaves a wife destitute, having squandered a small inheritance of hers. He left home April 3d, saying he was going to St. Louis to preach a funeral sermon, but instead he went to New York, whence he wrote to his wife and others making the above statements. He forged notes and borrowed money from a number of banks. The amount is not known and it is a mystery what was done with the proceeds. Mason had a high standing in religious circles and is an author of some repute. It is said he was addicted to the use of opiates.

TORONTO, April 11.—A few days ago a gentleman who has never taken an active interest in political affairs and who has no special sympathy with the Meredith party, was astonished at receiving a letter from a politician high in the councils of the Tory party demanding a large subscription to the campaign fund now being raised to aid Mr. Meredith at the coming general election for the Ontario Legislature. The writer made a most pathetic appeal for assistance, and his statements disclose a conspiracy between the Dominion Government and the Tories in the Ontario legislature to get possession of the government and resources of the province by means of race and religious cries, subsidies from the federal treasury and wholesale bribery. That the anti French and anti Catholic cries have been raised in Ontario in the interest of the MacDonald Thompson Langgiving government is now clearly established.

However the matter of fact may scoff at the idea, there are such things as presentiments. Not long ago a Boston man received a large sum of money as treasurer of an organization too late for deposit, so he took it home with him to his suburban residence. It worried him, this money, in a way he could not understand. He kept thinking, "Am I going to lose this money which does not belong to me?" So strong was this feeling that he could not sleep. Yet he was ashamed of himself. Saying nothing to his wife, he got up, took the money from his coat pocket, put it in his stocking and threw it under the bed. The next morning his wife said in a joking way, "I wonder what condition you were in when you came to bed last night? There's your coat on the floor, your vest is out in the hall and your trousers across the door sill." Being a man of steady habits, it did look suspicious. It did not take him long, however, to discover that burglars had been through the house, and his own money and watch taken, but the stocking under the bed was safe.

#### Where, Nellie Bly was Born.

A reporter of the Montreal Star in an interview with Nellie Bly gleaned the following facts regarding her birthplace and name: "No, I was not born in Canada. I believe every state in the union is said to be my birthplace. I was born in Pittsburgh. My name is Pink Elizabeth Jane Cochrane—write it all in; it will make two lines. "Yes I think I got my 'nom de plume' from the song 'Nellie Bly.' You must know that Stephen A. Foster, the author of 'The Swanee River,' 'Nellie Bly' and other songs, lived in Pittsburgh, and the editor of the paper I was first on gave it to me. I presume he thought it was shorter than my own."

#### A Mystery

Does a woman ever go to bed? The last the man of the house hears of her at night she is putting the cat out; if he wakes up in the night he finds that she is trotting around to see if the children are asleep, and when he wakes up in the morning he finds her up before him. Does a woman ever go to bed, or does a woman ever stay in bed when she gets there?



## SAVINGS BANK

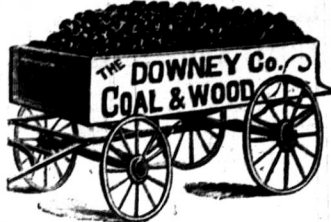
BRANCH OF THE

Dominion Bank, Napanee.

Deposits taken of one dollar. Interest from date of deposit. No notice of withdrawal required.

E. H. BAINES, Agent.

Office—Market Square. 57



## SCRANTON COAL.

Chestnut, No. 4, Stove, Egg  
Grate, Blossburg.

Put your coal in before broken weather  
sets in and prices advance.

All Coal Screened.

Hard and Soft Wood

THE DOWNEY CO.

Foot Centre Street, Napanee, Ont.  
57

HO! FOR MANITOBA.

## CHEAP EXCURSIONS

commencing Feb. 25th, and every Tuesday  
thereafter during March and April to all  
points in

Northwest and British  
Columbia.

Connections for these excursions can  
only be made via N. T. & Q. and C. P. R.  
Through tickets and baggage checked to  
destination.

Special rates to Settlers. Call or write for  
full particulars to W. D. MADDEN,  
authorized agent Napanee.

Try us for Peterboro, Toronto, and the  
west; Ottawa and Montreal and the east.

**W. D. MADDEN**

AGENT, NAPANEE.

**The Napanee Express.**

NAPANEE, FRIDAY, APRIL 18, 1890.

The other day in a discussion on  
the rice tariff in the House of Com-  
mons, Mr. Gillmour aptly described  
protection as a child of the devil,  
and specific and ad valorem duties as  
two thieves turned loose upon society,  
with license to plunder right and left.

The Opposition in the House of  
Commons at Ottawa are making it  
very warm for the Government. The  
red hot shot and shell which the Op-  
position is pouring in upon the Foster  
tariff has effectually silenced its sup-

## OUR OTTAWA LETTER.

(From our own Correspondent.)

OTTAWA, April 15.—The budget  
debate, though over in a sense, is yet  
in another way still going on. When  
the House rejected Sir Richard Cart-  
wright's amendment for free trade in  
the necessities of life by 60 yeas to  
97 nays, the House went into Com-  
mittee of Ways and Means on the Tar-  
riff changes, and the discussion on  
each item was as broad as on the  
budget itself in respect to trade mat-  
ters. Unrestricted Reciprocity was  
the key note of the Opposition song,  
and finally the Minister of Finance got  
up and declared the Government had  
come to the conclusion after years of  
willingness that it was useless to longer  
expect the United States to agree to  
such an arrangement, "and" he con-  
tinued, "the Government thinks this  
country should tread out a path for  
itself." This announcement was re-  
ceived with ringing cheers by the Min-  
isterialists. The item under consid-  
eration was a duty of 30 per cent. on  
live cattle, sheep and hogs, and the  
Opposition had been urging that the  
tax was unnecessary, because Canada  
had a surplus of these animals and the  
effect of the duty would be to provoke  
the Americans to impose a like duty  
on our live stock, at present a very  
important trade with the United States.  
In reply to Mr. Foster, Sir Richard  
Cartwright made an exciting little  
speech in which he said that two years  
ago Sir Charles Tupper came over  
from England and took the Ministry  
by the neck and compelled them to  
abandon a policy of retaliation against  
the United States and enact reciprocity  
on fruits, trees and shrubs. Hon. Mr.  
Bowell emphatically denied that the  
Government was again entering on  
any policy of retaliation and charged  
that the course of the Opposition ex-  
cited hostility in the United States.  
This will give an idea of the character  
of the general discussion.

The Maritime members came to the  
front Friday night on the items of  
17½ per cent. on rice and 75 cents a  
barrel on flour. Hon. Peter Mitchell  
denounced these taxes till he was  
actually hoarse. There were several  
amusing "spats" between Peter and  
D. Cameron, of Inverness. It must  
be borne in mind that though Mr.  
Mitchell lives in Montreal he sits for a  
New Brunswick county. At two o'clock  
in the morning this duty on rice,  
or rather the way it was divided,  
so roused the ire of Sir Richard Cart-  
wright that he gave the Government a  
tongue thrashing all round and charged  
that the Government, in collecting  
election funds in the red parlor of the  
Queen's Hotel, Toronto, from the  
manufacturers, were "robbers." Hon.  
Mr. Bowell stigmatized this language as  
"infamous," and Cartwright hotly  
remarked in an undertone after sitting  
down, "I know, too, who these con-  
tributors are and I'll settle accounts  
with them some day."

The reporters came very near being  
furnished with a personal encounter  
between two members of the House.  
General Laurie, who sits for Shelburne,  
N.S., is temporarily resident in Eng-  
land with his family and left there to  
come to Ottawa. On his arrival he  
gave his residence to the Accountant as  
"England." As members get ten  
cents a mile for coming to and going  
from the Capital at the opening and  
closing of parliament the Accountant  
took advice, but afterwards paid Gen.

the 26th inst. The Equal Rights men  
are holding back till after a meeting of  
theirs on the 15th (to-night) at which  
Principal Caven will speak and an  
address to be presented to Messrs.  
McCarthy, Charlton and O'Brien.  
The Reformers have taken no action  
yet.

Col. Gzowski, Mr. Page and Mr.  
Reed, with Mr. Shanly as consulting  
engineer, is the new Montreal Harbor  
Commission.

The Baptist Convention petitions  
for the abolition of separate schools.  
The immigration from Great Britain  
fell off 11,000 last year.

### What a Boy Should Know at Eighteen.

A youth of eighteen, who is to have the  
best chances, should know how to study, and  
how to do it with enthusiasm also, because  
he has learned the lesson at least five years  
before.

Enthusiasm, guided and controlled by  
knowledge as to the use of the powers, is the  
true life of a living man, alive with the spiri-  
tual forces. Everything else is in sleep, or is  
dead.

I make my starting-point, and my guiding  
thought, the thought that he should learn how  
to study, and should gain enthusiasm, at the  
beginning.

In the first place, as I think, the study of  
language may be most hopefully and success-  
fully started in these earliest years. The boy  
moves joyously where the man finds only  
labor and weariness. The children of our  
households to-day, may gain the same thing  
that we gained at five and twenty, and far  
more than we gained, when they are ten or  
twelve; and the progress is like the joyful  
song of their childhood, when they are led  
along the rational method. They grow up  
into French or German, as it were, as they  
grow up into English, and talk, and read,  
and sing in these languages, just as they do  
in their own. Why should they not breathe  
in enthusiasm with every breath of their  
learning? It was with a great price, indeed,  
that we obtained this freedom. But they were  
free born.

Let me say here that, in my judgment,  
every boy who has the best chances ought to  
have the mastery of the French or German  
language (I should say of both) before he is  
eighteen years of age—a mastery kindred to  
that which he has of English. He should,  
also, have such a knowledge of Greek and  
Latin as will mean power in and over those  
languages; and will enable him to read them  
with ease and with satisfaction as he enters  
upon his college course. The man who knows  
the ancient languages as he ought to know  
them, will never contend against their hold-  
ing a place in the education of all widely-  
educated and roundly-educated men.

The boy who has the best chances ought, in  
the years between twelve and eighteen, to be  
set forward on his course in history and the  
beginnings, at least, of the literature of his  
own language.

My feeling is that the boys who have the  
best chances should know something of music,  
and should, at least, see the opening of the  
door toward art studies. The opinion is now  
well established, I suppose, that all persons  
can be instructed in vocal music with a  
measure of success. I believe that the same  
thing can be accomplished in the line of instru-  
mental music.

That the mathematical studies should be  
pursued energetically before the youth has  
reached the age of which we are speaking, I  
may add, is admitted by all. The men of  
the former generations and the men of our  
day agree at this point.—Forum.

### A Story of Early Petroleum Days.

Quincy Robinson related an incident of the  
early history of the oil regions recently, which  
may give the children of the present genera-  
tion a vague idea of the magnitude of the  
transactions which took place when oil was  
\$8 and \$9 a barrel, and poor people gained a  
competency by scooping it off the surface of  
cracks, or gathered it from pools around the  
tanks which had overflowed. The story was  
told by Dr. Robinson as follows:

"Within a month after Colonel Drake had  
struck the first petroleum ever brought to  
the surface in America by means of drilling,  
my father and the father of my relations  
here bought a track of land comprising 1,250  
acres, adjoining the farm on which the Drake  
well was located, for \$350,000. Not long  
afterwards I was sitting in their office one  
day—I remember it as distinctly as  
though it happened only yesterday—when an

## ST. MARY OF THE ANGELS.

CHAPTER V.—(CONTINUED.)

Barwood seated himself on the stone from  
which Mary had just risen, and as he began  
to speak, he slowly rolled a cigarette in his  
brown fingers. Hardy leaned against the  
bluff, and, half turning away as he listened,  
looking out over the fringe of mesquite  
bushes and the great cactus covered, sunny  
plain to the far mountains.

"I s'pose you'll allow," Barwood began,  
"that when I caught you huggin' my wife  
that way, I'd a perfect right t' shoot you  
without any talk about it?"

Hardy half turned and nodded. It was  
better, he decided, to let Barwood think  
what he pleased than to complicate matters  
by an explanation that he neither would  
understand nor believe.

"Very good, that's somethin' we can be-  
gin with agreein' to. Well, it's just th'  
truth that I would 'a' shot you if I'd thought  
Mary was worth it. But I don't. You've  
just heard me say what I think about her  
an' I needn't say 't all over again. Th'  
short of it is that she's done me nothin'  
but had turns ever sence I married her,  
an' I'm sick of havin' her around. She's  
not worth shootin' anybody for, an'  
that's just th' everlastin' truth. Now you  
strike me as bein' a pretty stiff sort of a  
man, th' kind that's got sand an' is good  
t' tie to. I reckon me an' you could make  
a team, if only once we could fix things so's  
we'd pull together. That's what I'm after  
now. You've got eyes in your head an' I  
guess—t' say nothin' of what I s'pose  
Mary's told you—you've sized things up  
here at Santa Maria pretty true. You got  
down pretty quick, I noticed, t' my little  
game about th' pump."

Hardy started.  
"Yes, I seed you this mornin'." You was  
sharp, but you had a close call, all the same.  
I was watchin' you, an' I had my gun all  
ready an' I'd more'n half a mind to let it go  
off, too—but I didn't. Well, you struck on  
that little matter'n short order, an' th' way  
you tumbled to 't showed you 't be one of  
th' wideawake kind. That's th' kind I like,  
an' it's th' kind that has a chance t' make  
somethin' out of livin' here. I guess you  
credit me with too much hard sense t' think  
I'd stay in Santa Maria long just for th' fun  
of running that infernal pump? Not much!  
An' I'm not here for my health, neither.  
Now, I'm goin' t' talk right out t' you, man  
t' man—for th' way things stand between  
me an' you we've got t' have a fight or a  
settlement. An' I just tell you now that if  
t' comes t' a fight, an' you lay me out, you  
won't make nothin' by it. My Greaser  
friends know what I'm doin' an' are lookin'  
out after me. If I'm hurt you'll never get  
out of here alive. There's not so much  
sleepin' about this town as there seems t'  
be. We gave you this chance t' talk t'  
Mary—I knowed you both wanted it an'  
'd take it fast enough—cause I allowed it  
'd sort of bring things right down t' th'  
hard pan, quick an' comfortable. An' so  
t' has, you see. But there ain't a man in  
Santa Maria who ain't been listenin' all day,  
an' who ain't listenin' right now, for th'  
sound of a gun goin' off. They'll know  
quick enough what it means if they hear it:  
an' I tell you again, that if you should  
happen t' hurt me you'd be dead inside  
of ten minutes as George Washington."

Hardy was not a nervous man, but a  
shudder went over him as he thought of  
the eyes that had watched him all that day  
from the closed, silenced houses; of the  
alert peril that had beset him in the midst  
of what had seemed to him such slumberous  
security. And this shudder went down  
into the inner fiber of his heart as he re-  
membered the curious creeping thrill that  
had gone through him as he stood—covered,  
as he now knew, by Barwood's revolver—  
beside the broken pipe. By the open dan-  
ger that now menaced him he was not  
seriously disturbed. He knew about it,  
and to a certain extent could guard against  
it. But there was something eerie, devilish,  
in the thought of this deadly malevolence  
which had lurked beside him undiscovered  
in the very fullness and brilliance of day.

Barwood chuckled. "I reckon you al-  
lowed you had a full hand, an' didn't  
happen t' think we might have some ex-  
tras under th' table," he said. "Well, we  
had. An' we've got 'em there yet."

"An' now you've truly sized up the game.  
I can talk business. It's genuine business,  
too. You see, I'm at th' head of what I  
call an importin' outfit. It's not exactly  
reg'lar in th' way it works; but it's good  
for th' country, an' it's a pretty middlin'

Connections for these excursions can only be made via N. T. & Q. and C. P. R. Through tickets and baggage checked to destination.

Special rates to Settlers. Call or write for full particulars to W. D. MADDEN, authorized agent Napanee.

Try us for Peterboro, Toronto, and the west; Ottawa and Montreal and the east.

# W. D. MADDEN

AGENT, NAPANEE.

## The Napanee Express.

NAPANEE, FRIDAY, APRIL 18, 1890.

The other day in a discussion on the rice tariff in the House of Commons, Mr. Gillmour aptly described "protection as a child of the devil, and specific and ad valorem duties as two thieves turned loose upon society, with license to plunder right and left.

The Opposition in the House of Commons at Ottawa are making it very warm for the Government. The red hot shot and shell which the Opposition is pouring in upon the Foster tariff has effectually silenced its supporters. The Government is reduced to the one argument of a brute majority, who, as they vote, fill the air with the old whines about obstruction, disloyalty, etc. The members would no doubt be glad to pocket their indemnity and get home to enjoy the beautiful weather. But the rural member, who knows only too well the distress of the farmer, need be in no particular hurry to get home to defend the imposition of more taxes on the long suffering community.

The Conservative party in power at Ottawa again and again boast of their loyalty to the old country, but in their trade policy they are the most servile imitators of the Government at Washington. Were they sincere in their professions of attachment to the old flag, and in sympathy with British laws, the millions of taxation now wrung from the farmers and toilers of this country would be left in the pockets of the producers. The trade policy of this country is like that of the United States, and is intended to benefit a few millionaire manufacturers at the expense of hundreds of thousands of toilers. This policy has already impoverished thousands of farmers, and will yet impoverish many more. Not until the people wake up and show their indignation at the polls is there likely to be any change or any considerable amelioration of the present condition of affairs.

The Dominion seems to be suffering just now from "General" depravity. Before the investigation into the charges of looting preferred against General Middleton have been completed we have General Laurie, the gallant M. P., for Shelburne, Nova Scotia, in the soup. General Laurie arrived in Ottawa late in the present session to attend to his parliamentary duties, coming direct from London, England. He made a solemn declaration to the effect that London was his place of residence, and drew travelling fees covering the distance from London to Ottawa and back to London, about \$650. It is stated that the accountant of the House of Commons was somewhat astonished to find a member claiming travelling fees from London, but was informed that he had no option but pay ten cents a mile, by the shortest mail route, from the place described by a member as his home to Ottawa and back. Hence General Laurie pocketed his six hundred and odd dollars. He charged fees for over three thousand miles from London

barrel on flour. Hon. Peter Mitchell denounced these taxes till he was actually hoarse. There were several amusing "spats" between Peter and D. Cameron, of Inverness. It must be borne in mind that though Mr. Mitchell lives in Montreal he sits for a New Brunswick county. At two o'clock in the morning this duty on rice, or rather the way it was divided, so roused the ire of Sir Richard Cartwright that he gave the Government a tongue thrashing all round and charged that the Government, in collecting election funds in the red parlor of the Queen's Hotel, Toronto, from the manufacturers, were "robbers." Hon. Mr. Bowell stigmatized this language as "infamous," and Cartwright hotly remarked in an undertone after sitting down, "I know, too, who these contributors are and I'll settle accounts with them some day."

The reporters came very near being furnished with a personal encounter between two members of the House. General Laurie, who sits for Shelburne, N.S., is temporarily resident in England with his family and left there to come to Ottawa. On his arrival he gave his residence to the Accountant as "England." As members get ten cents a mile for coming to and going from the Capital at the opening and closing of parliament, the Accountant took advice, but afterwards paid Gen. Laurie \$600 as mileage from England. Mr. McMullen, from North Wellington, gave Laurie notice that he would bring the matter before the House, but on Friday before McMullen took his seat Laurie rose and gave the above explanation of the matter. At six o'clock they met in the corridor when the following colloquy took place:

"You stole a march on me, General."  
"McMullen, you're a sneak."  
"You're a scoundrel."  
"You're an infernal sneak."  
"You're an infernal scoundrel."  
"I've a mind to kick you."  
"You're not fit."

Enter the Minister of Customs. "Yes, General, I'd do it if I were you."

McMullen—"Neither of you are fit to do it."

Enter Dr. Landerkin, of Grey. "Come away, McMullen" (leading him off).

Result: They never speak as they pass by.

Sir John Thompson's bill amending the criminal law makes it an offence punishable by two years in the penitentiary, for a guardian to seduce his ward, or an employee or foreman, his employee in a factory, mill or workshop, if she is under 21 years. Blake thought 21 too low and the Minister agreed to raise it to 30. This was opposed by Peter Mitchell for fear of blackmail, but Mr. Nicholas Flood Davin, bachelor, opposed it because he thought men needed protection from designing women. He claimed that women were often as fascinating as 35 as at 21. Higher than that interjected bachelor Bergeron, and Davin said, "I yield to my hon. friend's superior knowledge." "I don't care for myself," exclaimed Mr. Mitchell. "For I am getting old, but I speak for the vigorous young men around me. As Mr. Charlton sat beside him and Mr. Scriver behind him there was great laughter. The 30 was finally carried. Another clause enacts that anyone carnally knowing a woman by personating her husband is guilty of rape. Mr. Mitchell again protested this but Mr. Blake assured him there were such cases. A most important clause permits the court to receive the simple statement of a child

ing a place in the education of all widely-educated and roundly-educated men.

The boy who has the best chances ought, in the years between twelve and eighteen, to be set forward on his course in history and the beginnings, at least, of the literature of his own language.

My feeling is that the boys who have the best chances should know something of music, and should, at least, see the opening of the door toward art studies. The opinion is now well established, I suppose, that all persons can be instructed in vocal music with a measure of success. I believe that the same thing can be accomplished in the line of instrumental music.

That the mathematical studies should be pursued energetically before the youth has reached the age of which we are speaking, I may add, is admitted by all. The men of the former generations and the men of our day agree at this point.—Forum.

### A Story of Early Petroleum Days.

Quincy Robinson related an incident of the early history of the oil regions recently, which may give the children of the present generation a vague idea of the magnitude of the transactions which took place when oil was \$8 and \$9 a barrel, and poor people gained a competency by scooping it off the surface of creeks, or gathered it from pools around the tanks which had overflowed. The story as told by Dr. Robinson was as follows:

"Within a month after Colonel Drake had struck the first petroleum ever brought to the surface in America by means of drilling, my father and the father of my relatives here bought a tract of land comprising 1,280 acres, adjoining the farm on which the Drake well was located, for \$350,000. Not long afterwards I was sitting in their office one day. I remember it as distinctly as though it happened only yesterday—when an agent for an Eastern syndicate walked in and offered \$500,000 for the 1,280 acres. The owners looked at him rather incredulously for a moment, but before they could speak he had counted out on the table \$500,000 in cash and drafts which he offered for a deed of the tract. I was appalled by the sight of the pile, but my father and the father of these gentlemen retired for consultation, and decided that if the property was worth \$500,000 it was worth \$1,000,000, and the offer was refused. Their heirs still own the land, and now it is valued at \$20,000. Where they could have got dollars we could scarcely get nickels. Thus you can see what seemingly fairy stories could be told of those days. They are almost incomprehensible to the present generation, but they were real facts," and a sight of regret that the offer had not been accepted went round the circle.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

### Are Newspapers an Index to Civilization?

The newspaper in France that has the largest circulation—probably a larger circulation than any other in the world—is *Le Petit Journal*, of Paris, a small sheet, sold for a sou, containing a meagre epitome of the news, but rigidly decent and trustworthy. Is this moral standard in France, therefore, higher than in America? The newspapers in England having the largest circulation are not those in which personalities and veiled scandal are the chief characteristics. Is the general English taste less vulgar, are the morals of classes and masses purer in England than in America? If the American answers these questions by a negative, as he can, he might say, how is he to account for the fact that the most sensational and vulgar newspapers in his country have the largest circulation? But, to be fair, what is it that attracts the decent, intelligent person to the sensational and vulgar journals? Is it that which is vulgar in it, or does he find in the newspaper that has this reputation something else that he needs? When he sits down at home or in his club, he denounces the paper as sensational, not to be credited, lowering to the public taste and morals; and the next morning he buys the same newspaper.—Charles Dudley Warner in the April Forum.

### No Theology and New Theology.

There are two movements in our time that are frequently confounded the one the No Theology movement, the other the New Theology movement. The one is represented by such men as Huxley, Spencer, Mill; the other by such men as Maurice, Eschsch, Bushnell, Munger, Newman Smythe, and Henry Ward Beecher. Looking at these two thought movements from the outside, and not carefully considering them, men think them to be in the same direction, and leading to the same inevitable end. If, they say, you depart from the faiths of your fathers, you will end in the unfaith of the infidels. They believe that he who begins by accepting the New Theology, must end by accepting the No Theology; that Munger and Bushnell logically lead to Spencer and Huxley. But I believe that they seek not only different but antipodal goals; that so

sleeplessness about this town as there seems to be. We gave you this chance to talk to Mary—I know you both wanted it and 'd take it fast enough—cause I allowed it 'd sort of bring things right down to th' hard pan, quick an' comfortable. An' so 't has, you see. But there ain't a man in Santa Maria who ain't been listenin' all day, an' who ain't listenin' right now, for th' sound of a gun goin' off. They'll know quick enough what it means if they hear it: an' I tell you again, that if you should happen 't hurt me you'd be as dead inside of ten minutes as George Washington."

Hardy was not a nervous man, but a shudder went over him as he thought of the eyes that had watched him all that day from the closed, silenced houses; of the alert peril that had beset him in the midst of what had seemed to him such slumbersome security. And this shudder went down into the inner fiber of his heart as he remembered the curious creeping thrill that had gone through him as he stood—covered, as he now knew, by Barwood's revolver—beside the broken pipe. By the open danger that now menaced him he was not seriously disturbed. He knew about it, and to a certain extent could guard against it. But there was something eerie, devilish, in the thought of this deadly malevolence which had lurked beside him undiscovered in the very fullness and brilliancy of day.

Barwood chuckled. "I reckon you allowed you had a full hand, an' didn't happen 't think we might have some extra aces under th' table," he said. "Well, we had. An' we've got 'em there yet."

"An' now you've truly sized up the game, I can talk business. It's genuine business, too. You see, I'm at th' head of what I call an importin' outfit. It's not exactly regular in th' way it works; but it's good for th' country, an' it's a pretty middlin' good for ourselves. An' it's a sort of a moral institution, too, cause it takes away th' temptation of stealin' from th' Greaser custom-house officers, haw!"

"You mean you're smuggling?"

"Why, yes," Barwood answered, with a fine frankness, "it's called smugglin' sometimes—but I think callin' it importin' sounds better. We're in th' cattle business, too; an' that's a very payin' branch of th' concern. An' in a general sort of way we've got th' make all round. I don't want to brag about myself, but it's only fair 't say that for a business that hasn't been runnin' long we're doin' mos' inception well. I can't prove 't you from th' books, cause we don't keep none; but I can prove 't you from th' dollars—they've got stacked up in th' old church. I guess holdin' all them dollars is about th' best use that church ever was put to. It's th' first time I've ever knowed a church 't be of real practical account 't anybody. Would you like 't take a look at 'em?"

Hardy turned around and looked at Barwood squarely. "What are you driving at, anyway?" he asked.

"Drivin' at? Can't you see? I want you 't come int' th' concern an' be a partner."

"Be a robber?" Hardy burst out.

"Drive slow. Don't get mad about it; Barwood went on coolly. "Gettin' mad's no way 't manage a business transaction. Now, I'm talkin' horse-sense. You're th' sort of man I've been lookin' for, an' if you'll chip in you won't be sorry for 't. Tain't many folks I'd make th' offer to. But unless I'm a good way up th' wrong tree, you've got th' nerve 't do th' thing, and ain't th' kind in a tight place 't go back on your friends. Some of these Greasers are pretty good, but I never squarely can tell when they won't slip under me; an' I want somebody around who has said an' can be depended on. You're that kind and that's th' reason I want you."

"Now, that's my ride. Your side is that I let you into a first rate thing, where there's money 't be made quick, an' lots of it. It's a rattin' good chance for you. What do you say? Will you ante?"

"I'll see you and the business hanged first," Hardy answered promptly.

"Don't be so sure about that. I haven't given you all the points yet. There are some more reasons why you'd better come in, an' th' biggest one is, now that I've talked in this free and friendly way with you, I can't afford 't hurt you any more. I didn't intend 't talk this way unless I really had to; but I guess you're sharp enough 't see that after what I've told you, either you've got 't come in, or I've got 't use you as a sort of starter for that American graveyard we was talkin' about awhile ago. You see, I know a little too much about your game 't let you be quiet halfhearted for you unless you take a hand yourself. Do you betch?"

"I guess I'd about as lief be shot now as I have it done later by a file of Mexican soldiers, to say nothing of its being a good deal better than being hung by a sheriff if it



and get home to enjoy the beautiful weather. But the rural member, who knows only too well the distress of the farmer, need be in no particular hurry to get home to defend the imposition of more taxes on the long suffering community.

The Conservative party in power at Ottawa again and again boast of their loyalty to the old country, but in their trade policy they are the most servile imitators of the Government at Washington. Were they sincere in their professions of attachment to the old flag, and in sympathy with British laws, the millions of taxation now wrung from the farmers and toilers of this country would be left in the pockets of the producers. The trade policy of this country is like that of the United States, and is intended to benefit a few millionaire manufacturers at the expense of hundreds of thousands of toilers. This policy has already impoverished thousands of farmers, and will yet impoverish many more. Not until the people wake up and show their indignation at the polls is there likely to be any change or any considerable amelioration of the present condition of affairs.

The Dominion seems to be suffering just now from "General" depravity. Before the investigation into the charges of looting preferred against General Middleton have been completed we have General Laurie, the gallant M. P. for Shelburne, Nova Scotia, in the soup. General Laurie arrived in Ottawa late in the present session to attend to his parliamentary duties, coming direct from London, England. He made a solemn declaration to the effect that London was his place of residence, and drew travelling fees covering the distance from London to Ottawa and back to London, about \$650. It is stated that the accountant of the House of Commons was somewhat astonished to find a member claiming travelling fees from London, but was informed that he had no option but pay ten cents a mile, by the shortest mail route, from the place described by a member as his home to Ottawa and back. Hence General Laurie pocketed his six hundred and odd dollars. He charged fees for over three thousand miles from London to Ottawa, making over three hundred dollars, and the same amount for his prospective journey back to London. The official records give General Laurie's residence as Oakfield, Nova Scotia, a place not far from Halifax, and the travelling fees from there would be about two hundred dollars. Nova Scotia men state that he resides at Oakfield, that he has a farm there, and lives there usually with his family. Early in the winter General Laurie went to England on personal business, and possibly came direct from London to Ottawa, but that circumstance does not justify his charging travelling expenses from London to Ottawa and back. It is a very convenient way of having a trip to Europe at the public expense, said one member of parliament to day. "I think I will go to England myself, or to China, or Japan, and charge travelling from there when I come to Ottawa to attend next session. I hear that a Nova Scotia senator tried to collect travelling expenses from Cairo, Egypt, to Ottawa, as he had just returned from a trip to Cairo, but he was not prepared to go as far as General Laurie and make a solemn declaration that Cairo was his place of residence. I am astonished to hear that General Laurie has been guilty of such a plain evasion of the law in order to grab a few hundred dollars of public money. He has always posed as a high-toned Christian gentleman, and has always been regarded as such. If he has fallen from grace I am sorry for it, and shall await his explanations without forming a final judgment about the matter. The people of Shelburne will not be pleased to hear that General Laurie has, according to his own statement, abandoned his province and taken up his residence on the other side of the Atlantic. Another member declared that the General's conduct was most reprehensible and that it should be discussed in parliament.

**SOME SYMPTOMS OF WORMS ARE: Fever, colic, variable appetite, restlessness, weakness and convulsions. The infallible remedy is Dr. Low's Worm Syrup.**

above explanation of the matter. At six o'clock they met in the corridor when the following colloquy took place:

"You stole a march on me, General."

"McMullen, you're a sneak."

"You're a scoundrel."

"You're an infernal sneak."

"You're an infernal scoundrel."

"I've a mind to kick you."

"You're not fit."

Enter the Minister of Customs. "Yes, General, I do it if I were you."

McMullen—"Neither of you are fit to do it."

Enter Dr. Landarkin, of Grey. "Come away, McMullen" (leading him off).

Result: They never speak as they pass by.

Sir John Thompson's bill amending the criminal law makes it an offence punishable by two years in the penitentiary, for a guardian to seduce his ward, or an employee or for man, his employee in a factory, mill or workshop, if she is under 21 years. Blake thought it too low and the Minister agreed to raise it to 30. This was opposed by Peter Mitchell for fear of blackmail, but Mr. Nicholas Flood Davin, bachelor, opposed it because he thought men needed protection from designing women. He claimed that women were often as fascinating as 35 as at 21. Higher than that interjected bachelor Bergeron, and Davin said, "I yield to my hon. friend's superior knowledge." "I don't care for myself," exclaimed Mr. Mitchell. "for I am getting old, but I speak for the vigorous young men around me. As Mr. Charlton sat beside him and Mr. Scriver behind him there was great laughter. The 30 was finally carried. Another clause enacts that anyone carnally knowing a woman by personating her husband is guilty of rape. Mr. Mitchell again protested this but Mr. Blake assured him there were such cases. A most important clause permits the court to receive the simple statement of a child too young to know the nature of an oath, who has been indecently assaulted.

Another clause prohibits polygamy. This was aimed at the Mormons in the Northwest, and Mr. Blake thought the fact suspicious that in the colony at Lee's Creek there should be so many women. He would discourage Mormon settlement up there. The Government gave assurances that these people were not practicing polygamy and would not be allowed to.

At the risk of making this letter too long I must refer to other important legislation.

Mr. Costigan's Inland Revenue Bill repeals the law under which a rebate of duty was paid to the distiller on corn imported and made into whiskey for export. The bill also provides additional precautions so that the purchaser may rely on the age of the whiskey printed on the label. The rebate of duty on imported malt is also repealed. It provides also that all empty cigar boxes must be destroyed to prevent the dealer putting inferior cigars in boxes of a good brand. The bill also makes a concession to tobacco dealers by allowing the manufacturer to put up tobacco in packages of from one pound and upwards.

The Tilsonburg, Lake Erie and Pacific Ry and the Kingston and Smith's Falls Ry Companies have been pressing for subsidies.

Mr. C. H. Mackintosh, ex-M.P., and A. J. Christie, Q.C., both Conservatives, are in the field for the Ottawa city election to the Commons on

ple, but my father and the father of these gentlemen retired for consultation, and decided that if the property was worth \$500,000 it was worth \$1,000,000, and the offer was refused. They heirs still own the land, and now it is valued at \$30,000. Where they could have got dollars we could scarcely get nickels. Thus you can see what seemingly fairy stories could be told of those days. They are almost incomprehensible to the present generation, but they were red hot facts, and a sight of regret that the offer had not been accepted went round the circle.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

### Are Newspapers an Index to Civilization?

The newspaper in France that has the largest circulation—probably a larger circulation than any other in the world—is *Le Petit Journal*, of Paris, a small sheet, sold for a sou, containing a meagre epitome of the news, but rigidly decent and trustworthy. Is this moral standard in France, therefore, higher than in America? The newspapers in England having the largest circulation are not those in which personalities and veiled scandal are the chief characteristics. Is the general English taste less vulgar, are the morals of classes and masses purer in England than in America? The American answers these questions by a negative, as the case, happily can, how is he to account for the fact that the most sensational and vulgar newspapers in his country have the largest circulation? But, to be fair, what is it that attracts the decent, intelligent person to the sensational and vulgar journal? Is it that which is vulgar in it, or does he find in the newspaper that has this reputation something else that he needs? When he sits down at home or in his club, he denounces the paper as sensational, not to be credited, lowering to the public taste and morals; and the next morning he buys the same newspaper.—Charles Dudley Warner in the April Forum.

### No Theology and New Theology.

There are two movements in our time that are frequently confounded the one the No Theology movement, the other the New Theology movement. The one is represented by such men as Huxley, Spencer, Mill; the other by such men as Maurice, Erskine, Bushnell, Munger, Newman Smythe, and Henry Ward Beecher. Looking at these two thought movements from the outside, and not carefully considering them, men think them to be in the same direction, and leading to the same inevitable end. If, they say, you depart from the faiths of your fathers, you will end in the unfaith of the infidels. They believe that he who begins by accepting the New Theology, must end by accepting the No Theology; that Munger and Bushnell logically lead to Spencer and Huxley. But I believe that they seek not only different but antipodal goals; that so far from being in spirit and direction the same, the New Theology is provisionally the movement by which the No Theology is to be more than contradicted, is to be turned into a different channel and brought to a different issue.—Rev. Dr. Lyman Abbot in the April Forum.

### Too Bad, Life is Short.

The latest idea of some of the handsome young society girls of Bath is to give a gentleman the Phoenix and invite no gentlemen. Part of the ladies will take the gentleman's part, being dressed in black and with champagne, high collar, and white necktie. Bath Independent.

### The Success of Woman Suffrage.

Wherever woman suffrage has been tried, it has proved a success. The testimony from English sources is abundant, that since the complete enfranchisement of women in the Isle of Man, the condition of public affairs there has improved, and this fact is used as an argument to show that parliamentary suffrage should be extended to women in England also. In the Territory of Wyoming women have enjoyed full suffrage since 1869, a period of twenty-one years. Governor Campbell, who was in office at the time, in his message two years later, said that the women had conducted themselves in every respect with as much tact, judgment, and good sense as men. Two years after, he repeated that the system of impartial suffrage was an unqualified success. His successors, Governors Thayer, Hoyt, Hale, and Warren, have all borne witness to the same effect, and M. C. Brown, United States Attorney for the Territory, says that "woman suffrage in Wyoming has accomplished much good, and has harmed no one." Pages might be filled with similar testimony, not only as to Wyoming, but as to the other Territories where woman suffrage has been tried. Mere theoretical views in opposition are but as "small dust in the balance," compared with these actual facts.

better. We're in the cattle business, too, so an that's a very payin' branch of the concern. An in a general sort of way we're out to make all round. I don't want to brag about myself, but it's only fair to say that for a business that hasn't been running long we're doin' mos' unexceptionable well. I can't prove it to you from the books, cause we don't keep none; but I can prove it to you from the dollars—them we've got stacked up in the old church. I guess holdin' all them dollars is about the best use that church ever was put to. It's the first time I've ever knowed a church to be of real practical account to anybody. Would you like to take a look at 'em?"

Hardy turned around and looked at Barwood squarely. "What are you driving at, anyway?" he asked.

"Drive in! Can't you see? I want you to come into the concern as a partner."

"Be a robber!" Hardy burst out.

"Drive slow. Don't get mad about it," Barwood went on coolly. "Gettin' mad's no way to manage a business transaction. Now, I'm talking horse-sense. You're the sort of man I've been lookin' for, an' if you'll chip in you won't be sorry for it. Tain't many folks I'd make the offer to. But unless I'm a good way up the wrong tree, you've got the nerve to do the thing, and ain't the kind in a tight place to go back on your friends. Some of these Greasers are pretty good, but I never could squarely tell when they won't slip under. I on me; an' I want somebody around who don't have an' can be depended on. You're that kind and that's the reason I want you."

"Now, that's my ride. Your side is that I let you into a first rate thing, where there's money to be made quick, an' lots of it. It's a rattin' good chance for you. What do you say? Will you ante?"

"I'll see you and the business hanged first," Hardy answered promptly.

"Don't be so sure about that. I haven't given you all the points yet. There are some more reasons why you'd better come in, an' the biggest one is, now that I've talked in this free and friendly way with you, I can't afford to have you stay out. I didn't intend to talk this way unless I really had to; but I guess you're sharp enough to see that after what I've told you, either you've got to come in, or I've got to use you as a sort of starter for that American grave yard we was talkin' about awhile ago. You know a little too much about our kind of doin', to take a quiet healthy, for you might as well take a hand yourself. Do you understand?"

"I guess I'd about as lief be shot now as have it done later by a file of Mexican soldiers, to say nothing of its being a good deal better than being hung by a sheriff if I happened to get caught on the other side of the line."

"There's something in that," Barwood answered, in a tone of serious thoughtfulness. "Them little changes sometimes come in our business, an' we've got to take 'em. But what you ought to look at is that they're nothin' but changes, an' this other sort of that I'm talkin' about is the deader sort, of a dead sure thing."

"Well, then, bring it along you've got my answer," Hardy spoke with entire unconcern, and with obvious sincerity.

"I knowed you had said," Barwood said, in a tone of admiring approval, "you're the man I want. It'll go agin' my grain powerful to put you in that graveyard an' that 'th' devilatin' truth. It it a got to be done, I'll do it, of course; but I truly don't want to. Now, look here, Hardy, there's a money for you in this deal, if you'll come in; an' you know what'll happen to you if you stay out—now what do you say if I'll chuck in Mary to boot?"

Hardy faced around on Barwood sharply.

"What do you mean?" he asked.

"Just plump an' clear what I say. If you'd had as much of her as I've had, or if you'd th' sense to reason out from what I've told you about th' way she's used me, how more a wuthless she is, you wouldn't want her. But when it was a matter of women I never knowed a man yet as wasn't a fool, an' I s'pose you're like all th' rest. It's a plain you do want her powerful. Well, if you'll make this deal with me you can have her. Tell me, is it a go now?"

Hardy turned very pale, and caved against the rock heavily. He was genuinely horrified. He put his hand to his throat. Once or twice he made an effort to speak, but the words would not come. Although supported by the rock, his body swayed a little. At last, in a voice pitched very low, as though to give him more control over it, he said, slowly:

"You mean that you will get divorced, and that I—that I may marry her?"

"Well, I can't say that I'd thought of quite such fancy fixin's as all that," Barwood answered. "But it's a matter of no

Minard's Liniment sold everywhere.

partic'lar diff'rence t' me how you go about it. I guess Mary'd like it that way; she always did go in for style." And then he added sharply, and with a tone of suspicion in his voice: "But we can't have no foolin' round after such Fifth Avenue trimmin's as divorces now. To get a divorce you'd have t' go t' th' States for 't, an' just at present that ain't by a great sight what we're goin' t' do. Oh, come, Hardy, what's th' good of makin' an infernal fussy fool of yourself this way? Just tell me, will, or will not, my throwin' Mary in for boot make you trade?"

Hardy's loathing for Barwood was intense, but he could not afford to show it. If he refused this offer squarely he knew that he would not live the day out, and with his death Mary's chance of escape would die, too. What little will power she ever had possessed her husband long ago had crushed out of her. Unless deliverance came to her from outside herself—and he alone could bring it to her—she surely was lost. By a great effort he steeled himself so that his voice should not betray his anger and disgust.

"Give me a little time to think," he said. "Now that begins t' sound as if you meant t' talk sense," Barwood answered. "Yes, you can think things over a bit; that's only fair. But you mustn't fool away much time on it. I'll give you till ten o'clock t'-night t' make up your mind in. How'll that do? If you settle t' come in, you'll understand then why I couldn't give you longer. An' if you don't come in—well, if you don't come in, I don't think that understandin' or not understandin' 'll make any partic'lar diff'rence to you."

As Barwood gave this answer, in a tone that emphasized the sinister significance of his words, the sound of a locomotive whistle was heard faintly.

"I may as well mention," Barwood added, "that I've got some of my Greasers in that busted old adobe house clost by th' station. I'm goin' up with you now t' meet th' train, an' if you try t' come t' over us by givin' us away t' th' freight outfit, it'll be my unpleasant duty t' start th' shootin' right off, an' scoop in th' train hands along with it—which wouldn't be ex'actly a square deal for them, for it's none of their funeral, anyway. We'd better be movin' now. I don't think you're likely t' try any monkey tricks with me; but I guess I'll let you walk ahead, all th' same."

Hardy pulled himself together and walked in front of Barwood through the bushes, and thence along the narrow path to the break in the bluff, up which the path ascended to the village. Having reached the level land above they walked together side by side, to the station. The freight train was in sight, half a mile down the line.

"Just t' show you that I'm not bluffin' an' that I really have th' drop on you," Barwood said, pleasantly, as they passed the partly ruined house. "You may as well take a look at my friends here. They won't mind it—an' seein' 'em 'll make you understand that 't won't do you no good t' try t' rope in th' boys on th' train."

The roof of the adobe house had fallen in and part of the rear wall had crumbled down; but the front and side walls remained, and the heavy door still was in place. Having whistled softly, Barwood pushed the door open, and, by a gesture, invited Hardy to look inside. Within the house fifteen or twenty men were standing or sitting. All wore revolvers, and a dozen Winchester rifles stood in a row against the wall. The Alcalde, who seemed to be in command of these very irregular forces, stepped forward as Barwood opened the door.

"Will the gentleman join us?" he asked in Spanish.

"The gentleman seems well disposed," Barwood answered, but as yet he does not speak positively. I have the pleasure of showing him these gentlemen, our friends, in order to convince him that to ask assistance from the Americans now coming on the train will not be wise. You, Senor Alcalde, will oblige me by accompanying us to the station; and you, gentlemen, will understand what to do should any trouble arise."

And then he added, in English: "But I guess there won't be any rumpus; eh, Hardy? You'd only get left if you tried it on, you see."

Hardy was forced to admit to himself, as with Barwood and the Alcalde he mounted the station platform just as the train came to a halt, that an appeal for help would be worse than useless. It would do him no good, and it almost certainly would result in the killing of every man in the freight

# "CHEAPEST SIDE."

Our Business is steadily increasing day by day and month by month.

Do you know the reason why?

- Because we have the Newest and most Stylish Stock of Millinery in Napanee, and the best milliners to make it up.
- Because we have the Largest and most Fashionable Stock of Dress Goods in town, and the best dressmakers to make them.
- Because we have the best staff of clerks in Napanee—the best-looking, the smartest, and most polite and obliging salesmen and ladies in Napanee.
- Because we have the largest and finest stock of New and Desirable Goods in Napanee. Our Stock is so large and attractive that every customer can find something to suit them, and something that they will be pleased with when they go home.

## CARPETS AND OIL-CLOTHS.

We are opening bales of New Carpets nearly every day. The sidewalks are blocked up with them.

We offer new Dutch Stair Carpets at 7c., 12½c., and 17c. a yard. New Dutch Floor Carpet at 10c., 11c., 12½c., 15c., 17c., and 20c. a yard, in the newest patterns and colourings.

## HIGH ART IN HEMP CARPET.

We have just opened a new Stock of Hemp Carpets that look like Brussels Carpet, introducing the newest colours, such as mahogany, terra-cotta, lemon-yellow, &c. &c.

Also Hemp Square Carpets. 3 x 3½ yards and 3 x 4 yards.

Floor and Table Oilcloths in the Newest Designs and different widths, 4/4 6/4 and 8/4 at low prices.

# P. SLAVEN & Co.

## ATTENTION.

Farmers are respectfully invited to call and examine my stock in trade, consisting of,

**Drills, Seeders, Cultivators and Harrows,  
All Kinds of Harvesting Machinery and Implements,  
Mill Machinery Threshing Machines, Engines,  
Farm and School Bells,  
Washing Machines and Wringers.**

A large stock of repairs on hand for every machine and implement I have the agency for. Repairs secured for any machine or implement not represented by an agent here at least cost.

YOUR PATRONAGE SOLICITED.

**MILES S. PLUMLEY,**

Successor to Birrell & Co.

P.S.—Ask for circular of any kind of machine or implement you require.

1-5m

Read this and Obey! **DOUBLY REMORY**

it necessary to commit a murder, he was quite the sort of a man to apologize to his victim in well-chosen words, and with a certain amount of sincerity. Being naturally a loquacious personage, he made several attempts to draw Hardy into conversation, but his attempts were not successful.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

### THE GENTLER SEX:

Miss R. E. Wilkinson is said to be the only female landscape gardener in London. She is very successful, and ranks high in her profession.

A daughter of the late oldest member of the house of commons, Christopher Talbot, has, out of one of the largest fortunes in England, donated \$12,500 for the relief of wives widowed by the Mersa colliery disaster in Wales.

The Countess Walderslee, formerly Miss Len, of New York city, lives in great state in the palace adjoining Von Moltke's, but her personal tastes are severely simple. At home she always wears cashmeres of finest quality, but made absolutely with rumpus, and relieved only by linen collars and cuffs.

The Duchess of Hamilton, besides ranking as one of the most fearless riders to hounds



The engine took in water at the tank, and then, puffing vigorously, slowly ascended the long grade. They watched it in silence until the train had shrunk to a mere speck, and the puffing of the engine no longer could be heard.

"I don't want you to think, Hardy, that I don't believe you're not going to play fair," Harwood said, as they turned about and faced each other, "but it'll save you from being lonesome if my friend Don Pedro here and one or two of the boys sort of set around and keep you company. I know you wouldn't do it on purpose, but if you was left by yourself you might kind of accidentally get a foolin' with that telegraph key, you know, in a way that wouldn't be just altogether wholesome. It's safer for all hands that you shan't have the chance. Don Pedro is a very pleasant gentleman, an' you'll find him ready to tell you all about the business—go in at the line points of it as I hadn't time to. I'd like to stay an' keep you com-

**REGULATES  
THE  
LIVER.**

of rag hat  
at we  
you  
ever  
ver  
ake  
at  
ing  
ant  
ed  
it  
s  
ob  
th  
it  
to  
ing  
go  
ce  
ve  
n  
th  
ou  
hat  
re  
s  
do  
sed  
nt  
are  
me  
ve  
th  
lly  
ber  
you  
ve  
re  
cal  
port  
ide  
od  
um  
re  
tin  
of  
ve  
are  
id  
the  
et  
ne  
an  
ay  
ay  
in  
ly  
If  
r  
if  
ow  
an  
ten  
ol  
It  
s  
if  
ave  
ned  
ely  
at  
ak  
igh  
d  
a  
w  
it  
ed  
of  
lar  
no

property. She was found lying in her chair by the janitor, and the police were summoned, as it was supposed that she was either a prostitute, or a woman of ill repute. In removing her from the chair a leg fell to the floor and it was found \$10,000 in gold; \$10,000 in notes was afterwards found in a drawer.

**A Rapid Transit in New York.**  
A plan for the solution of the rapid transit problem in this city has been formulated, and presents a very striking and original aspect. It originated with the late Mr. T. C. Lindsey, C.E. It contemplates the erection of a structure which will carry a four-track railway. This structure is to be of masonry, and to be about 60 feet high. It is to be carried through the centre of blocks, and the streets are to be bridged by steel bridges. By making the substructure heavy enough it will be available for stores and tenements. The route is to extend north just through Tarrytown. It is to form a loop in the southern part of the city from Leonard Street south. The only public property touched is a small corner of Battery Park. To carry out the plan, 'The People's Rapid Transit Company' has been organized. The principal features of merit of the plan are the capacity for high speed, the avoiding of any but the most limited trespass upon streets or private grounds, and the fact that it is an over-ground way. It is estimated that the acquisition of real estate will cost over \$70,000,000. The entire cost is estimated at nearly \$90,000,000.

The engine took in water at the tank, and then, puffing vigorously, slowly ascended the long grade. They watched it in silence until the train had shrunk to a mere speck and the puffing of the engine no longer could be heard.

"I don't want you to think, Hardy, that I don't believe you're not going to play fair," Barwood said, as they turned about and faced each other, "but it'll save you from being lonesome if my friend Don Pedro here or one or two of the boys sort of set around and keep you company. I know you wouldn't do it on purpose, but if you were left by yourself you might kind of accidentally get a fool in with that telegraph key, you know, in a way that wouldn't be just altogether wholesome, as it's safer for all hands that you shouldn't have the chance. Don Pedro is a very pleasant gentleman, and you'll find him ready to tell you all about the business—come into the line points of it as I hadn't time to. I'd like to stay and keep you company myself, but I've got a good deal to do just now, and can't. We've got quite a piece of work on hand for tonight, that I'll tell you all about a little later—when you've made up your mind, as a know you're going to, to come into the concern. Just you think about what I've been telling you, and what Don Pedro will tell you too, about what a good business it is, and don't throw away the best chance for making a big strike you've ever had offered to you. As though I really don't like to speak about it, don't forget what I was saying about that American graveyard—don't you forget—here Barwood came close to Hardy and lowered his voice—"what I said about Mary, if you'll come in she's your's."

Hardy made no reply. Barwood accepted his silence in good part, nodded pleasantly, and walked off toward the town. The Alcalde went with him, and at the ruined house they stopped for a few minutes in consultation. Then the Alcalde and two men returned and walked away down the line of the railroad, two more men came over and joined Don Pedro at the station, and the rest straggled off toward the town in Barwood's wake.

Hardy walked into the station and seated himself beside the table on which was the telegraph instrument. Don Pedro followed after him closely, and the two men placed themselves just outside the door.

"It will be more commodious for the Senator if he will seat himself where he will have the pleasure of the fresh air," said Don Pedro, politely.

"Thanks, Senator I am very well here," Hardy answered.

"But—the Senator will pardon me?—but the Senator's hand might inadvertently touch the little machine. It is better for him here."

"Oh," said Hardy, "I comprehend," and he moved his chair.

"And since the Senator, who is among friends, can have no use for it, I am sure that he will give me his pistol to take care of for him."

Hardy was disposed to argue this request; but, as he hesitated, the men in the doorway moved forward into the room and ranged up beside him. Under these circumstances argument was out of place. With a very bad grace he yielded. Don Pedro waved his hand politely, and declared in courteous tones that he owed the Senator a thousand thanks.

He was a red-faced, dirty, villainous-looking dog, this Don Pedro, but his voice was gentle and low, his language was conspicuously elegant, and his manners were above reproach. In the event of his finding

and get some of that 25 cent Tea while bargains last. It is just delicious.

**Our Special Price List.**

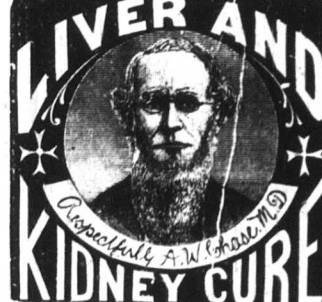
16 lbs. Nice White Sugar for	\$1.00
13 lbs. Granulated Sugar for	1.00
4 lbs. No. 1 Japan Tea for	1.00
3 packages Corn Starch for	.25
3 lbs. good Laundry Starch for	.25
10 cakes Laundry Soap for	.25
6 big cakes Electric Soap for	.25
4 big cakes Yankee Soap for	.25

**SEEDS.**  
CLOVER AND GARDEN SEEDS, ALL FRESH AND NEW.

**GREAT BARGAINS IN Flour, Feed,**  
Prize Baking Powder, Hams, Bacon, Lard, Oatmeal, etc.

Confectionery of all kinds at rock bottom prices for cash. A call solicited.  
179 **R. A. SHOREY.**  
P.S.—Cash paid for Butter and Eggs.

**LIVER AND KIDNEY CURE**  
DR. CHASE



Has a world wide reputation as a physician and author. His Mandrake Dandelion Liver Cure is a triumph of medical skill, curing all diseases of the Kidney and Liver.

**SYMPTOMS OF KIDNEY COMPLAINT.** Distressing aches and pains in the back; a dull pain or weight in the bladder and base of the abdomen; stinging urine often obstructed; frequent desire to urinate, especially at night, among aged persons; hot, dry skin, pale complexion, red and white deposits, dizziness, sour stomach, constipation, piles, dropsical swellings, etc.

**HOW CURED.** Mandrake and Dandelion are nature's Liver cures, and when combined with Kidney remedies, as in Dr. Chase's Liver Cure will positively cure all Kidney-Liver troubles. It acts like a charm, stimulating the clogged liver, strengthening the kidneys and invigorating the whole body. Sold by all dealers at \$1. with Receipt Book, which alone is worth the money.

**KIDNEY LIVER PILLS.** Dr. Chase's Pills are the only Kidney Liver Pills made. They act gently, yet effectively. May be taken during any employment. They cure Kidney-Liver troubles, headache, biliousness, costiveness, etc. One Pill a dose. Sold by all dealers; price, 25 cents.

**T. EDMUNDSON & CO.,**  
Bradford, Ont., Manfrs.  
DETLOF & FULLERTON, Medical Hall, Actrs.

**FARM FOR SALE.**  
The Weese Farm, in the 4th Concession of Adolphown, for sale at a bargain. 100 acres, good buildings, land in good state of cultivation. For further particulars apply to  
JOHN D. HAM, Esq., Napanee, or to  
C. H. WIDDIFIELD, Pictou, Ont.

**BURDOCK'S BLOOD BITTERS**  
CURES DYSPEPSIA.  
PROMOTES DIGESTION.

Mr. W. H. McLeod, of Leith, Ont., writes: "For years and years I have suffered from dyspepsia in its worst form, and after trying all sorts of medicine, I have found Burdock's Blood Bitters to be the only remedy that has cured me."

**BURDOCK'S BLOOD BITTERS**  
Cures CONSTIPATION.  
Cures CONSTIPATION.  
Cures CONSTIPATION.

**ACTS ON THE BOWELS.**  
Rapid Recovery.  
Dear Sir, I have tried your B.B.B. with great success for constipation and pain in my head. The result does me more good than much better. My bowels now move freely and the pain in my head has left me, and I feel very comfortable with the same disease. I recommend B.B.B.  
MRS. F. WILLIAMS,  
415 Bloor St., Toronto.

**BURDOCK'S BLOOD BITTERS**  
Cures BILIOUSNESS.  
Cures BILIOUSNESS.  
Cures BILIOUSNESS.

**REGULATES THE LIVER.**  
Direct Proof.  
Sir, I was troubled for five years with Liver Complaint. I had a great deal of medicine which did me no good, until I tried Burdock's Blood Bitters. After taking four bottles I am now well. I can recommend it for the cure of Dyspepsia.  
MRS. A. F. DUNN,  
Hawthorne, Ont.

**BURDOCK'S BLOOD BITTERS**  
Cures HEADACHE.  
Cures HEADACHE.  
Cures HEADACHE.

**REGULATES THE KIDNEYS.**  
A Prompt Cure.  
Dear Sir, I have very long had with headache and pain in my back, my head and feet swollen and could do no work. My sister has bought me one of your B.B.B. Water and Bitters. I feel so much better that I get one more and will be well, and can do my work as ever.  
ALVIN BROWN,  
Thornburg, Ont.

**BURDOCK'S BLOOD BITTERS**  
Cures BAD BLOOD.  
Cures BAD BLOOD.  
Cures BAD BLOOD.

**PURIFIES THE BLOOD.**  
Bad Blood may arise from wrong action of the stomach, liver, kidneys and bowels. It is the result of impurities in the blood, and is the cause of all diseases of the blood, removing all these diseases from a people to a healthy state.

**FREE**  
Send Solid Gold Watch for \$1.00. Best \$5 watch in the world. Perfect timekeeper. Warranted for one year. Hunting and pocket watch. One Person to each locality can secure one free. Send your large and valuable line of Household Samples. These samples, as well as the watch, we send free, and after you have kept them in your home for 2 months and shown them to those who may have called, they become your property. Those who write at once can be sure of receiving the Watch and Samples. We may all express, freight, etc. Address: **Stinson & Co., Box 818, Portland, Maine.**

**FREE**  
Send Solid Gold Watch for \$1.00. Best \$5 watch in the world. Perfect timekeeper. Warranted for one year. Hunting and pocket watch. One Person to each locality can secure one free. Send your large and valuable line of Household Samples. These samples, as well as the watch, we send free, and after you have kept them in your home for 2 months and shown them to those who may have called, they become your property. Those who write at once can be sure of receiving the Watch and Samples. We may all express, freight, etc. Address: **Stinson & Co., Box 818, Portland, Maine.**

**FREE**  
\$93 Sewing-Machine. Trade in all parts, by placing our machines and goods where the people can see them, we will send free to one person in each locality the very best sewing-machine made in the world, with all the accessories. We will also send free a complete line of our ready and valuable articles. In return we ask that you show what we need, to those who may call at your home, and within a month all shall become your own property. This grand machine is made after the latest patents, which have run out. For more particulars run out for \$1.00, with the attachment, and now sell for \$5.00. Best, strongest, most useful machine in the world. All in plain English, and requires no instructions. Those who write to us at once can receive free the best sewing-machine in the world, and the finest line of goods of high class ever shown together in America. **TRUE & CO., Box 740, Augusta, Maine.**

**CATARRH AND GOLD IN HEAD HOW CURED**  
**NASAL BALM**  
A certain and speedy cure for Cold in the Head and Catarrh in all its stages.  
SOOTHING, CLEANSING, HEALING.  
Instant Relief, Permanent Cure, Failure Impossible.

Many catarrhal diseases are simply symptoms of Catarrh, such as head-ache, partial deafness, loss of sense of smell, foul breath, hawking and spitting, nausea, general feeling of debility, etc. If you are troubled with any of these or kindred symptoms, you have Catarrh, and should lose no time in procuring a bottle of **NASAL BALM**. Be warned in time, neglected cold in head results in Catarrh, followed by consumption and death. **NASAL BALM** is sold by all druggists, and will be sent, post paid, on receipt of price (50 cents and 8¢) by express.

**FULFORD & CO., BROOKVILLE, ONT.**  
Beware of imitations similar in name.



# Manitoba Excursions. COMMODORE JUNK.

First Settlers excursion train for Manitoba will leave Toronto 9 p. m. Feb'y. 25th and every Tuesday thereafter during March and April. Order your cars in time and buy tickets over Grand Trunk and Canadian Pacific Ry. via, Toronto and North Bay.

Very low rates to Denver and other Western points.

I will check your baggage through. No other agent can do this. Call on write

**J. L. Boyes,**

Office G. N. W. Telegraph Co. and Canadian Express Co.

## Barb Wire.

Parties intending to use Barb Wire should not fail to see the

## Patent Safety Barb Wire

SOLD ONLY BY

**R. G. WRIGHT,**

126 and 128 Dundas-st., Napanee.

### A Pretty Good World.

This world's a pretty good sort of a world. Taking it all together, In spite of the grief and sorrow we meet. In spite of the gloomy weather. There are friends to love and hopes to cheer. And plenty of compensation For every ache, for those who make The best of the situation.

The sun and rain ripen corn and grain. And everything has its season. And truth shines white and clear, despite The blackness of fraud and treason. There is plenty of work for busy hands, A love to lighten labor. And a chance for you and me to do Some good to a needy neighbor.

There's quiet nooks for lovers of books, With nature in happy union; There are cool retreats from the noontide heats.

Where souls may have sweet communion. And if there's a spot where the sun shines not.

— There's always a lamp to light it, And if there's a wrong, we know ere long That the God above will right it.

So it is not for us to make a fuss Because of life's sad mischances. Nor to wear ourselves out to bring about A change in our circumstances. For this world's a pretty good sort of world And He to whom we are debtor Appoints our place and supplies the grace To help us to make it better.

— Old Scotch Paper.

### Bottom Facts About Wool.

Wool is a kind of a hair. The hair is a plant rooted in the skin. Its root is a cone, connected with the sensitive layer of the skin, whence it draws sustenance. Its life is not identical with the life of the body, for hair grows more or less after death. This "root of the hair" exudes the hair pulp, which is formed into cells containing the pigment giving color to the hair, and each row of three cells forms a ring. As the ring of cells is pushed away from the skin by the giving out of fresh pulp from the root, the cells dry, and scales are formed, almost like the scales of a fish. A hair seen through a microscope is thus a long tube formed by a smooth make up of these rings of scales. The human hair is usually long, straight, and angular, and the scales are so fine and so close together that

Only another day, and then she would give up expecting them by night, and take to watching for them by day, when the attempt seemed hopeless.

And so it proved, for during the following week the prisoners were only once in the coffee plantation, and so strictly watched that they felt that to attempt an evasion was only to bring destruction upon their hopes, perhaps cause Mary's imprisonment for attempting to assist prisoners to escape.

"It's no use, Bart," said Abel at last, despondently. "Poor girl! Why did she come?"

"Help us away," said Bart, gruffly.

"Yes, but all in vain."

"Tchah! Wait a bit."

"Do you think she will still come and wait?" said Abel, dolefully.

"Do I think the sun'll shine again?" growled Bart. "Here's a fellow! Born same time as that there lass, lived with her all his days, and then he knows so little about her that he says, 'Will she come again?'"

"Enough to tire her out."

"Tchah!" cried Bart again, "when you know she'll keep on coming till she's an old gray-headed woman, or she gets us away."

Abel shook his head, for he was less spirited and not convinced; but that night his heart leaped, for as he lay half asleep, listening to the thin buzzing hum of the mosquitoes which haunted the prisoners' quarters, and the slow, regular pace of the sentry on guard outside, there was the faint rattle of a chain, as if some prisoner had turned in his unquiet rest, and then all was silent again, till he started, for a rough hand was laid upon his mouth.

His first instinct was to seize the owner of that hand, to engage in a struggle for his life; but a mouth was placed directly at his ear, and a well-known voice whispered—

"Don't make a sound. Tie these bits of rag about your irons so as they don't rattle."

Abel caught at the pieces of cloth and canvas thrust into his hand, and, sitting up in the darkness he softly bound the links and rings of his fetters together, hardly daring to breathe and yet with his heart beating tumultuously in his anxiety to know his companion's plans.

For an attempt it must be, Abel felt, though up to the time of their going to rest after the day's work Bart had said nothing to him. He must have made a sudden discovery, and there was nothing for it but to obey in every way and trust to what was to come.

Abel felt this as he rapidly knotted the rag round his chains, and as he was tying the last knot he felt Bart's hand upon his shoulder, and his lips at his ear.

"Quiet, and creep after me. Keep touching my foot so's not to miss me in the dark."

Abel's heart thumped against his ribs as he obeyed, taking Bart's hand first in a firm grip, and then feeling a short iron bar thrust between his fingers.

Then he became conscious from his companion's movements that he had gone down upon his hands and knees, and was crawling toward the end of the long, low, stone-walled building that served as a dormitory for the white slaves whose task was to cultivate the rough plantation till the rule, lay down and died from fever, some of the ills that haunted the land.

Just then Bart stopped short, for there were steps outside, and a gleam of light appeared beneath the heavy door. Voices were heard, and the rattle of a soldier's musket.

"Changing guard," said Abel to himself; and he found himself wondering whether the sergeant and his men would enter the prison.

To add to the risk of discovery, there was a shuffling sound on the left, and a clink of chains, as one man seemed to rise upon his elbow; and his movement roused another, who also clinked his chains in the darkness and growled out an imprecation.

All this time Bart remained absolutely motionless, and Abel listened with the perspiration streaming from him in the intense heat.

Then there was a hoarsely uttered command: the light faded away; the sound of the steps died out upon the ear; there was a clink or two of chains, and a heavy sigh from some restless sleeper, and once more in the black silence and stifling heat there was nothing to be heard but the loud, trumpet-like buzz of the mosquitoes.

Softly as some large cat, Bart resumed his crawling movement, after thrusting back his leg and touching Abel on the back with his hand.

only be a few inches above the prisoner's head.

Abel knew all this, as he pressed his teeth together to keep down the agonizing feeling of despair he felt already as the men came on in regular pace, with the barrels of the muskets and their bayonets gleaming; and he expected to hear an exclamation of astonishment with the command "Halt!"—when something unusual did happen.

For all at once, just as the back of Abel's head must have loomed up like a black stone close by the sergeant's path, and the rays of light glinted on his short, crisp, black hair, there came a loud croaking bellow from down in the swamp by the creek, and Dinny exclaimed aloud—

"Mark at that now!"

"Silence in the ranks!" cried the sergeant fiercely; and then, as if the Irishman's words were contagious, he, turning his head as did his men towards the spot whence the sound proceeded, exclaimed, "What was it?"

"One of them lovely crockidills, sergeant dear—the swate cratyures, with that pleasant smile they have o' their own. Hark at him again!"

The same croaking roar arose, but more distant, as if it were the response to a challenge.

"Don't it carry you home again, sergeant dear?"

"Silence in the ranks!—How, Dinny?" said the sergeant, good-humoredly, for the men were laughing.

"Why, my mother had a cow—a Kerry cow, the darlint—and Farmer Magee, half a mile across the bog, had a bull; and you could hear him making love to her at tomes just like that, and moighty pleasant it was."

"And used he to come across the bog," said the sergeant, "to court her?"

"And did he come across the bog to court her?" said Dinny, with a contemptuous sneer in his voice. "And could you go across a bog coorting if Farmer Magee had put a ring through your nose and tied you up to a post, sergeant dear? Oh, no! The farmer was moighty particular about that bull's morals, and never let him out of a night."

"Silence in the ranks! 'Tention!" said the sergeant. "Half left!"

Tramp—tramp—tramp—tramp; and the men passed round the end of the building just as the alligator bellowed again.

Abel drew a long breath and rapidly drew himself through the hole—no easy task—and Bart began to follow, but only to stick before he was half-way through.

"I'm at it again," he whispered. "Natur' made me crooked o' purpose to go wrong at times like this."

Abel seized his hands, as he recalled the incident at the cottage.

"Now," he whispered, "both together—hard!"

Bart gave himself a wrench as his companion tugged tremendously, and the resistance was overcome.

"Half my skin," growled Bart, as he struggled to his feet and stood by his companion. "Now, lad, this way."

"No, no; that's the way the soldiers have gone."

"It's the only way, lad. The dogs are yonder, and we couldn't get over the palisade. Now!"

They crept on in silence, seeing from time to time glints of the lantern, and in the midst of the still darkness matters seemed to be going so easily for them that Abel's heart grew more regular in its pulsation, and he was just asking himself why he had not had invention enough to contrive this evasion, when a clear and familiar voice cried, "Shtand!" and there was the click of a musket-lock.

What followed was almost momentary.

Bart struck aside the bayonet leveled at his breast, and leaped upon the sentry before him, driving him backward and clapping his hand upon his mouth as he knelt upon his chest; while, ably seconding him, his companion wrested the musket from the man's hand, twisted the bayonet from the end of the barrel, and, holding it dagger-wise, pressed it against the man's throat.

"Hold aside, Bart," whispered Abel, savagely.

"No, no," growled Bart. "No blood, lad."

"Tis for our lives and liberty!" whispered Abel, fiercely.

"Ay, but—" growled Bart. "Lie still, will you?" he muttered, as fiercely as his companion, for the sentry had given a violent heave and wrested his mouth free.

"Sure, an' ye won't kill a poor boy that how, gentlemen," he whispered, piteously.

"Another word, and it's your last!" hissed Abel.

"Sure, and I'll be as silent as Pater Muloney's grave, sor," whispered the sentry; "but it's a mother I have over in the wold

"Do!" said Bart, gruffly; "leave you to tell that cursed brute that we shan't want his whip any more; for—"

"Hush!" cried Abel.

"Ay, I forgot," said Bart nodding his head.

"We'll have to get up the trees before the dogs reach us, or it'll be awkward for the whole three. They'll forget to respect the king's uniform in the dark. It's no good, my lads; they'll take us, and ye've had all your trouble for nothing. Fair, and I'm sorry for ye, whatever ye did, for it's a dog's life ye lead."

"Silence, man," whispered Abel. "Do you want the dogs to be on us?"

"Divil a bit, sor; but they'll be down on us soon widout hearing us talk. Murthar, but it's a powerful stench of shnell they have. How they are coming on!"

It was quite true. The dogs were after them with unerring scent, and but for the fact that they were in leashes so that those who held them back might be able to keep up, they would have soon overtaken the fugitives. They were at no great distance as it was, and their baying, the encouraging shouts of their holders, and the sight of the lanterns rising and falling in the darkness, helped the Irishman's words to send despair into the fugitives' hearts.

"Sure, and we're in the coffee-tree garden!" said the sentry. "O! know it by the little bits o' bushes all in rows. Thin the wood isn't far, and we'll get up a tree before the bastes of dogs come up to us. Hark at the conmat'ral bastes; sure, it's supper they think they're going to have. Maybe they'd like to taste a Kelly."

"Now, Bart, lad, quick! Shall we let him go?" cried Abel.

"And is it let me go?" said the sentry, excitedly. "Yon'd never be such cowards. Let the dogs have fair play."

"Silence!" cried Abel, imperatively.

"Sure it's meself that's the most silent."

"Abel!—Bart! This way!"

"To the left, lad," cried Bart, for they had now reached the edge of the jungle; and just as despair was filling their breasts, for Mary made no sign, her voice proved her fidelity by it being heard some distance to their left.

"Thin it's all right," said Dinny, excitedly. "Ye've got friends waiting?"

"Silence, I say!" cried Abel.

"Sure, and I'll hold my pace, and good luck to ye, for I heard the boy's spache, and maybe he has a boat waiting down by the wather."

"Will you be silent, man?" cried Abel, fiercely, as the baying of the dogs increased. "Bart, we must not go on, for it would be bringing the dogs upon someone else."

"Not it," said Dinny; "ye've plenty of time yet, maybe. Go along, me boys and bad luck to the dogs, for they'll be disappointed after all!"

Abel gave a low peculiar whistle like a sea-bird's cry, and it was answered not twenty yards away.

"Here, quick!" came in the well-known voice. "I'm here Jump; never mind the mud!"

They all jumped together to find themselves in a mirey place where Mary was waiting.

"This way," she said. "I can guide you direct to the boat. Quick, or the dogs will be upon us!"

"Well done, boy!" cried Dinny. "That's good. I know there was a boat."

"And now," cried Abel, turning upon him, "off with that punch and belt."

"Certainly, sor," replied Dinny, slipping off and handing his cartridge-bag.

"Now, back to your friends, and tell them we're gone."

"My friends!" cried Dinny. "Sure, there isn't a friend among them."

"Step back, then, whoever they are."

"But the dogs, sor?"

"Curse the dogs. Back, I say!"

"But, sor, they're the most savage of bastes. They won't listen to any explanation, but pull a man down before he has time to say, Heaven preserve us!"

"Silence and go!"

"Nay, sor, ye'll tak' me wid ye, now? Quick! ye're losing time."

"Let him come, Abel," whispered Mary.

"That's well spoken, young sor. And if we're to have whole skins, let's be getting on."

The advice was excellent, for the sounds of pursuit were close at hand, and the dogs were baying as if they heard as well as scented their prey.

"All's ready," whispered Mary. "I heard the shots, and knew you were coming. Abel your hand. Join hands all."

Abel caught at that of his sister, at the same time extending his own, which was taken by Bart, and he in turn, almost involuntarily, held out his to Dinny.

In this order they passed rapidly through

In spite of the grief and sorrow we meet.  
In spite of the gloomy weather.  
There are friends to love and hopes to cheer,  
And plenty of compensation  
For every ache, for those who make  
The best of the situation.

The sun and rain ripen corn and grain.  
And everything has its season.  
And truth shines white and clear, despite  
The blackness of fraud and treason.  
There is plenty of work for busy hands,  
A love to lighten labor,  
And a chance for you and me to do  
Some good to a needy neighbor.

There's quiet nooks for lovers of books,  
With nature in happy union;  
There are cool retreats from the noontide  
heats,  
Where souls may have sweet communion.  
And if there's a spot where the sun shines  
not,  
There's always a lamp to light it,  
And if there's a wrong, we know ere long  
That the God above will right it.

So it is not for us to make a fuss  
Because of life's sad mischances,  
Nor to wear ourselves out to bring about  
A change in our circumstances.  
For this world's a pretty good sort of world  
And He to whom we are debtor  
Appoints our place and supplies the grace  
To help us to make it better.

— Old Scotch Paper.

#### Bottom Facts About Wool.

Wool is a kind of a hair. The hair is a plant rooted in the skin. Its root is a cone, connected with the sensitive layer of the skin, whence it draws sustenance. Its life is not identical with the life of the body, for hair grows more or less after death. This "root of the hair" exudes the hair pulp, which is formed into cells containing the pigment giving color to the hair, and each row of three cells forms a ring. As the ring of cells is pushed away from the skin by the giving out of fresh pulp from the root, the cells dry, and scales are formed, almost like the scales of a fish. A hair seen through a microscope is thus a long tube formed by a sheath made up of these rings of scales. The human hair is usually long, straight, and regular, and the scales are so fine and so close together that the edge appears like teeth of a very fine saw. Goat's hair has a more rapid growth and longer cells, so that it is less regular and straight, and shows little of the tooth-like edge. The hair of the sheep of the common sort is also irregular, with a tendency to curl or wave, but with marked tooth-like edges. This is wool, and it is the tendency to twist and the barbed projections which give this fibre its peculiar advantages. The hair of the negro, with its tendency to kink or curl, is mockingly called "wool," because it to this extent resembles the hair of the sheep. Curly hair is, as a matter of fact, less perfect than straight hair. But through all this range of the human plant, goat's hair, and sheep's wool, nature shows such close gradations that it would be difficult to draw an exact line between hair and wool, or in this respect to separate the sheep from the goats. Witness the Angora goat, whose fleece, known as mohair, is reckoned a superior wool, and the Peruvian alpaca, or llama. The microscope distinguishes very clearly, however, between wool and silk, the fibre of which is an even double filament of gum exuded by the silk-worm; and between wool and the vegetable fibres, such as cotton which, growing as a tube, dries into a half-twisted ribbon, having no barbed edge. The root of the hair has a natural tendency to dry up as warm weather approaches, allowing the hair to fall free from the skin; thus animals "shed their coats." But when hair is cut, as with human beings, or the fleece sheared, as in the case of sheep, nature adapts itself to the demand upon it, and growth is continuous. The number of these fibres is wonderful. On the pelt of a full-blood run, Dr. Cutting, of the Vermont Board of Agriculture, reckoned with his microscope 222,200 to the square inch; an ordinary open-wool sheep will have one-fortieth as many.

The cultivated sheep, yielding the fine, regular wools for which modern machinery calls, has been, like that machinery, virtually the development of the last hundred years, and most extraordinary examples of zoölogy and an intelligent art. Of these wools two distinct orders are recognized. The longer staples, in which also the fibre is straighter and the barbs less marked, are called "combing wools," because they are straightened out, much as hair is, by combs, and laid flat together for spinning into the smooth, hard, tightly twisted fabrics which make the fine, hard-finished garments called "worsted"—so named from the village of Worstead, in Norfolk, where Flemish weavers, brought over by Edward III. about 1331, made this kind of goods. The shorter staples, more curly

after the day's work had said nothing to him. He must have made a sudden discovery, and there was nothing for it but to obey in every way and trust to what was to come.

Abel felt this as he rapidly knotted the rag round his chains, and as he was tying the last knot he felt Bart's hand upon his shoulder, and his lips at his ear.

"Quiet, and creep after me. Keep touching my foot so's not to miss me in the dark."

Abel's heart thumped against his ribs as he obeyed, feeling Bart's hand first in a firm grip, and then feeling a short iron bar thrust between his fingers.

Then he became conscious from his companion's movements that he had gone down upon his hands and knees, and was crawling toward the end of the long, low, stone-walled building that served as a dormitory for the white slaves whose task was to cultivate the rough plantation till the sun rule, lay down and died from fever, some of the ills that haunted the dark land.

Just then Bart stopped short, for there were steps outside, and a gleam of light appeared beneath the heavy door. Voices were heard, and the rattle of a soldier's musket.

"Changing guard," said Abel to himself; and he found himself wondering whether the sergeant and his men would enter the prison.

To add to the risk of discovery, there was a shuffling sound on the left, and a clink of chains, as one man seemed to rise upon his elbow; and his movement roused another, who also clinked his chains in the darkness and growled out an imprecation.

All this time Bart remained absolutely motionless, and Abel listened with the perspiration streaming from him in the intense heat.

Then there was a hoarse uttered command: the light faded away, the sound of the steps died out upon the ear; there was a clink or two of chains, and a heavy sigh from some restless sleeper, and once more in the black silence and stifling heat there was nothing to be heard but the loud trumpet-like buzz of the mosquitoes.

Softly as some large cat, Bart wrenched his crawling movement, after thrusting back his leg and touching Abel on the chest with his bare foot as a signal.

The building was quite a hundred feet long by about eighteen wide, a mere gallery in shape, which had been lengthened from time to time as the number of convicts increased, and the men had about two-thirds of the distance to traverse before they could reach the end, and at their excessively slow rate of progress the time seemed interminable. Before, after several painful halts, caused by movements of their fellow prisoners and dread of discovery, the final halt was made.

"Now then what is it?" whispered Abel. The answer he received was a hand laid across his mouth, and his heart began to beat more wildly than ever, for Bart caught his hand, drew it toward him, and as it was yielded, directed the fingers downward to the stone level, with the floor.

Abel's heart gave another bound, for that stone was loose, and as it was pressed aside he heard a faint gritting, his companion's breath seemed to come more thickly, as if from exertion, and for the next hour—an hour that seemed like twelve—Abel lay, unable to help, but panting with anxiety, as the gritting noise went on, and he could mentally see that Bart was slowly drawing out rough pieces of badly-cemented stone—rough fragments really of coral and limestone from the nearest reef, of which the prison barrack was built.

Three times over Abel had tried to help, but the firm pressure of his companion's hand forcing him back spoke volumes, and he subsided into his position in the utter darkness, listening with his pulses throbbing and subsiding, as the gritting sound was made or the reverse.

At last, after what seemed an age, a faint breath of comparatively cool air began to play upon his cheek, as Bart seemed to work steadily on. That breath grew broader and fuller, and there was a soft odor of the sea mingled with the damp coolness of a breeze which had passed over the dewy ground before it began to set steadily in at the opening at which Bart had so patiently worked, for that there was an opening was plain enough now, as Abel exultantly felt.

In his inaction the torture of the dread was intense, and he lay wondering whether, if they did get out, Mary would still be waiting, expecting them, or their efforts prove to have been vain.

At last, just when he felt as if he could bear it no longer, Bart's hand gripped him by the shoulder, and pressed him tightly. Then in the darkness his hand was seized and guided where it hardly wanted guiding, for the young man's imagination had painted all to a rough opening level with the floor,

stick before he was half-way through. "I'm at it again," he whispered. "Natur' made me crooked o' purpose to go wrong at times like this."

Abel seized his hands, as he recalled the incident at the cottage.

"Now," he whispered, "both together—hard!"

Bart gave himself a wrench as his companion tugged tremendously, and the resistance was overcome.

"Half my skin," growled Bart, as he struggled to his feet and stood by his companion. "Now, lad, this way."

"No, no; that's the way the soldiers have gone."

"It's the only way, lad. The dogs are yonder, and we couldn't get over the palisade. Now!"

They crept on in silence, seeing from time to time glints of the lantern, and in the midst of the still darkness matters seemed to be going so easily for them that Abel's heart grew more regular in its pulsation, and he was just asking himself why he had not had invention enough to contrive this evasion, when a clear and familiar voice cried, "Shtand!" and there was the click of a musket-lock.

What followed was almost momentary.

Bart struck aside the bayonet leveled at his breast, and leaped upon the sentry before him, driving him backward and clapping his hand upon his mouth as he knelt upon his chest; while, ably seconding him, his companion wrested the musket from the man's hand, twisted the bayonet from the end of the barrel, and, holding it dagger-wise, pressed it against the man's throat.

"Hold aside, Bart," whispered Abel, savagely.

"No, no," growled Bart. "No blood, lad."

"Tis for our lives and liberty?" whispered Abel, fiercely.

"Ay, but—" growled Bart. "Lie still, will you?" he muttered, as fiercely as his companion, for the sentry had given a violent heave and wrested his mouth free.

"Sure, an' ye won't kill a poor boy that how, gentlemen," he whispered, piteously.

"Another word, and it's your last!" hissed Abel.

"Sure, and I'll be as silent as Pater Muloney's grave, sor," whispered the sentry; "but it's a mother I have over in the oild country, and ye'd break her heart if ye killed me."

"Hold your tongue!" whispered Bart.

"Sure, and I will, sor. It's not myself as would stop a couple of gentlemen from escapin'! There's the gate, gentlemen. Ye've got my musket, and I can't stop you."

"Yes, come along," whispered Bart.

"What! and leave him to give the alarm?" said Abel. "We're wasting time, man. Tis his life or ours."

"Not at all, sor," whispered the sentry, pleadingly. "I won't give the alarm, on my hanner; and you can't kill a boy widout lettin' him just say, 'How dy'n do,' and 'Which is the way yander?' to the praister."

"Shall we trust him?" said Bart, in a low growl.

"No."

"Thin take me wid yo, gentlemen. Faix, ye might force me to go, for the devil a bit do I want to shay here."

"Look here," whispered Bart: "it's neck or nothing, my lad. If you give the alarm, it will be with that bayonet struck through you."

"And would a Kelly give the alarm, after he said on his hanner? Sure, you might thrust me."

"Over with you, then, Bart," whispered Abel: "I'll stand over him here. Take the gun."

Bart obeyed, and Abel stood with one hand upon the sentry's shoulder, and the bayonet close to his throat.

"An' is that the way you thrust a gintleman?" asked Dinny, contemptuously, as Bart, with all a sailor's and rock-climber's activity, drew himself up, and dropped from the top of the wall at the side.

"Now, over with you," whispered Abel. "We shall take you with us till we're safe; but so sure as you give warning of our escape, you lose your life!"

"Ah! ye may thrust me," said the sentry, quickly. "Is it over wid me?"

"Yes; quik!"

The man scaled the gate as easily as Bart had done before him, and then Abel followed; but as he reached the top and shuffled sideways to the wall, which he bestrode, there was the sound of a shot, followed by another, and another, and the fierce baying of dogs.

"Bedad, they've seen ye," said the sentry, as Abel dropped down.

"They've been in the barrack," whispered Bart.

"To be sure they have, sor; the sergeant was going round."

"Quick, take his hand!" said Bart.

"No!" whispered Abel, leveling the

"Will you be silent, man?" cried Abel, fiercely, as the baying of the dogs increased. "Bart, we must not go on, for it would be bringing the dogs upon someone else."

"Not it," said Dinny: "ye've plenty of time yet, maybe. Go along, me boys and bad luck to the dogs, for they'll be disappointed after all!"

Abel gave a low peculiar whistle like a sea-bird's cry, and it was answered not twenty yards away.

"Here, quick!" came in the well-known voice. "I'm here Jump; never mind the mud!"

They all jumped together to find themselves in a mirey place where Mary was waiting.

"This way," she said. "I can guide you direct to the boat. Quick, or the dogs will be upon us!"

"Well done, loy!" cried Dinny. "That's good. I knew there was a boat."

"And now," cried Abel, turning upon him, "off with that ponch and belt."

"Certainly, sor," replied Dinny, slipping off and handing his cartridge-bag.

"Now, back to your friends, and tell them we're gone."

"My friends?" cried Dinny. "Sure, there isn't a friend among them."

"Step back, then, whoever they are."

"But the dogs, sor!"

"Curse the dogs. Back, I say!"

"But, sor, they're the most savage of basties. They won't listen to any explanation, but pull a man down before he has time to say, Heaven preserve us!"

"Silence and go!"

"Nay, sor, ye'll tak' me wid ye, now? Quick! ye're losing time."

"Let him come, Abel," whispered Mary.

"That's well spoken, young sor. And if we're to have whole shkins, let's be getting on."

The advice was excellent, for the sounds of pursuit were close at hand, and the dogs were baying as if they heard as well as scented their prey.

"All's ready," whispered Mary. I heard the shots, and knew you were coming. Abel your hand. Join hands all."

Abel caught at that of his sister, at the same time extending his own, which was taken by Bart, and he in turn, almost involuntarily, held out his to Dinny.

In this order they passed rapidly through the jungle, along a beaten track formed by the animals which frequented the place, and one which during her long, patient watches had become perfectly familiar to Mary Dell, who threaded it with ease.

It was one wild excitement, for the dogs were now growing furious. The scent was hot for them, and ere the fleeing party had reached the creek the fierce brutes had gained the edge of the jungle, through which they dragged their keepers, who mingled words of encouragement with oaths and curses as they were brought into contact with the tangled growth.

But all the same the hunt was hot, and in spite of Mary's foresight and the manner in which she guided her friends, the dogs were nearly upon them as the boat was reached.

"In first," whispered Abel; but Mary protested and would have hung back had not Bart lifted her bodily in after wading into the mud, where he stood and held the side of the frail canoe.

"Now, Abe," he whispered.

"I can hear them," shouted a voice.

"Loose the dogs. Seize 'em, boys, seize 'em!"

"Here, room for me!" whispered Dinny.

"No," cried Abel, fiercely. "Keep back!"

"I'm coming wid you," cried Dinny.

Bart caught him by the shoulder.

"No, no, lad, we're escaping; this is no place you."

"Be my sowl, this isn't," said Dinny, shaking himself free, and seizing the side of the boat he began to wade and thrust her from the shore. "In with you too."

Bart said no more, but followed the Irishman's example and together they waded on into the muddy creek, only to get a few yards from the shore, as with a furious rush the dogs crashed through the canes and reeds, to stop, breast-deep, barking savagely.

"Purty creatures!" whispered Dinny.

"Sure, and we mustn't get in yet, or if we do, it must be together. Pushher on."

"Halt there!" cried a loud voice, suddenly. "I have you. Down, dogs! Do you hear? Halt!"

"Kape on," whispered Dinny.

"Make ready!" cried the same voice.

"Present! Will you surrender?"

"Lie down, me darlins," whispered Dinny.

"Devil a bit can they see where to shoot."

"Fire!" cried the same voice, and a dozen flashes of light-blazed out of the cane-brake. There was a roar that seemed deafening and the darkness was once more opaque.

"Anybody hit?" whispered Dinny. "Si



This is wool, and it is the tendency to twist, and the barbed projections which give this its peculiar advantages. The hair of the negro, with its tendency to kink or curl, is mockingly called "wool," because it is to this extent resembles the hair of the sheep. Curly hair is, as a matter of fact, less perfect than straight hair. But through all this range of the human plant, goat hair, and sheep's wool nature shows such close gradations that it would be difficult to draw an exact line between hair and wool, or in this respect to separate the sheep from the goats. Witness the Angora goat, whose fleece, known as mohair, is reckoned a superior wool, and the Peruvian alpaca, or llama. The microscope distinguishes very clearly, however, between wool and silk, the fibre of which is an even double filament of gum exuded by the silk-worm, and between wool and the vegetable fibres, such as cotton which, growing as a tube, dries into a half-twisted ribbon, having no barbed edge. The root of the hair has a natural tendency to dry up as warm weather approaches, allowing the hair to fall free from the skin: thus animals "shed their coats." But when hair is cut, as with human beings, or the fleece sheared, as in the case of sheep, nature adapts itself to the demand upon it, and growth is continuous. The number of these fibres is wonderful. On the pelt of a full-blood ram, Dr. Cutting, of the Vermont Board of Agriculture, reckoned with his microscope 22,500 to the square inch: an ordinary open-wool sheep will have one-thirtieth as many.

The cultivated sheep, yielding the fine, regular wools for which modern machinery calls, has been, like that machinery, virtually the development of the last hundred years, and most extraordinary examples of zoömy as an intelligent art. Of these wools two distinct orders are recognized. The longer staples, in which also the fibre is straighter and the barbs less marked, are called "combing wools," because they are straightened out, much as hair is, by combs, and laid flat together for spinning into the smooth, hard, tightly twisted yarns which make the fine, hard-finished fabrics called "worsteds"—so named from the village of Worsted, in Norfolk, where Flemish weavers, brought over by Edward III. about 1337, made this kind of goods. The shorter staples, more curly and with marked barbs, are called "carding wools," because they are treated by cards, like the curry-comb used for horses, before spinning, and these make the "woolens," proper, thicker and softer and more like felt. The shorter wools also makes felt, which is produced not by weaving, but by matting or beating together the fibres, until the barbs of the wools catch into each other, and thus make a continuous fabric, somewhat as paper is made. But these wools grade into each other imperceptibly, nature rarely jumps, and the invention of improved combs has brought into use for "worsteds" many staples formerly too short for anything but "woolens." On the other hand, the final result of these gradations is found in wools so various that they may almost be called different fibres, so different are their qualities, instead of being grouped under one word "wool."—Harper's Magazine.

#### Monopolists and Their Victims

The vast burden of poverty under which we are staggering is mainly due to the appropriation of public services, of social rights, by individuals who neither can nor do render an equivalent for them to their fellow citizens. That is the meaning of monopoly. Monopoly, whether created yesterday or the heirloom of ages, is nothing less than a tax on all present and future productions of the land in which it flourishes.

Abolish the monopoly of resources now enjoyed by a few, and the nation will not be the poorer by the smallest fraction of any commodity at any moment after. But let there be a universal strike of all except the monopolists and how long would society endure? There would be famine in a year, in two years nakedness, and in ten the land would be in desolation. Monopoly means a present tax as well as a past usurpation. The monopolist may also be receiving "wages of superintendence"; but they are a trifling proportion of his income, and no part of his monopoly in the proper sense. It is not by any man's wages that the people are impoverished, but by this running sore of taxes handed over to private persons, to be used without regard to the social organism.—April Forum.

Judge Armour, at Belleville assizes, caught a constable lowering a window and ordered him to stop. The sheriff said it was decidedly cool and unpleasant. The judge's reply was: "Well if it is uncomfortable to you we can get along without your services."

rate of progress the time seemed interminable before, after several painful halts, caused by movements of their fellow prisoners and dread of discovery, the final halt was made.

"Now then what is it?" whispered Abel. The answer he received was a hand laid across his mouth, and his heart began to beat more wildly than ever, for Bart caught his hand, drew it toward him, and as it was yielded, directed the fingers downward to the stone level, with the floor.

Abel's heart gave another bound, for that stone was loose, and as it was pressed aside he heard a faint gritting, his companion's breath seemed to come more thickly, as if from exertion, and for the next hour an hour that seemed like twelve Abel lay, unable to help, but panting with anxiety, as the gritting noise went on, and he could mentally see that Bart was slowly drawing out rough pieces of badly-cemented stone—rough fragments really of coral and limestone from the nearest reef, of which the prison barrack was built.

Three times over Abel had tried to help, but the firm pressure of his companion's hand forcing him back spoke volumes, and he subsided into his position in the utter darkness, listening with his pulses throbbing and subsiding, as the gritting sound was made or the reverse.

At last, after what seemed an age, a faint breath of comparatively cool air began to play upon his cheek, as Bart seemed to work steadily on. That breath grew broader and fuller, and there was a soft odor of the sea mingled with the damp coolness of a breeze which had passed over the dewy ground before it began to set steadily in at the opening at which Bart had so patiently worked, for that there was an opening was plain enough now, as Abel exultantly felt.

In his inaction the torture of the dread was intense, and he lay wondering whether, if they did get out, Mary would still be waiting, expecting them, or their efforts prove to have been vain.

At last, just when he felt as if he could bear it no longer, Bart's hand gripped him by the shoulder, and pressed him tightly. Then in the darkness his hand was seized and guided where it hardly wanted guiding, for the young man's imagination had painted all to a rough opening level with the floor, a hole little larger than might have been made for fowls to pass in and out of a poultry-yard.

This done, Bart gave him a thrust which Abel interpreted to mean, "Go on."

Abel responded with another, to indicate, "No; you go."

Bart gripped him savagely by the arm, and he yielded, crept slowly to the hole, went down upon his breast, and softly thrust his head through into the dark night air, to hear plainly the sighing and creaking of the reptiles in the swamp, and see before him the sparkling scintillations of the myriad fireflies darting from bush to bush.

He wormed himself on, and was about to draw forth one hand and arm, but always moving as silently as some nocturnal beast prey, when it suddenly occurred to him that the glow of one of the fireflies was unusually large; and before he had well grasped this idea there was heard the regular tramp of feet, and he knew that it was the lantern of the guard moving across to the prison barrack, and that they must come right past where he lay.

He must creep back and wait; and as the steps steadily approached and the tramp grew plainer he began to wriggle himself through, getting his arm well in and his shoulders beginning to follow; till only his head was outside, and the dull light of the lantern seeming to show it plainly, when to his horror he found that some portion of his garment had caught upon a rough projection and he was fast.

He made a tremendous effort, but could not drag it free, for his arms were pressed close to his sides and he was helpless. If Bart had known and passed a hand through, he might have freed him, but he could not explain his position; and all the time the guard was coming nearer and nearer, the lantern-light dancing upon the rough path, and it would hardly be possible for the nearest soldier to pass him without stumbling against his head.

Discovery, extra labor, the lash, more irons, and the chance of evasion gone: all these displayed, as it were, before Abel Dell's gaze as he thought of his sister waiting for them with that boat—all plainly seen by the gleaming light of that lantern as the soldiers came steadily on.

It was absolutely impossible that the sergeant and his four men, whom the light had revealed quite plainly to Abel Dell, could pass him unless something unusual occurred. The sergeant was carrying the lantern swinging at arm's-length, on his left side, and the bottom as he passed would

"Yes, come along," whispered Bart. "What! and leave him to give the alarm?" said Abel. "We're wasting time, man. 'Tis his life or ours."

"Not at all, you," whispered the sentry, pleadingly. "I won't give the alarm, on my honor; and you can't kill a boy without letting him just say. 'How d'ye do?' and 'Which is the way yander?' to the praetor."

"Shall we trust him?" said Bart, in a low growl.

"No!" "Then take me wid you, gentlemen. Faith, ye might force me to go, for the devil a bit do I want to shay here."

"Look here," whispered Bart: "it's neck or nothing, my lad. If you give the alarm, it will be with that bayonet struck through you."

"And would a Kelly give the alarm, after he said on his honor? Sure, you might thrust me."

"Over with you, then, Bart," whispered Abel; "I'll stand over him here. Take the gun."

Bart obeyed, and Abel stood with one hand upon the sentry's shoulder, and the bayonet close to his throat.

"An' is that the way you thrust a gentleman?" asked Dinny, contemptuously, as Bart, with all a sailor's and rock-climber's activity, drew himself up, and dropped from the top of the wall at the side.

"Now, over with you," whispered Abel. "We shall take you with us till we're safe; but so sure as you give warning of our escape, you lose your life!"

"Ah! ye may thrust me," said the sentry, quickly. "Is it over wid me?"

"Yes; quibk!" The man scaled the gate as easily as Bart had done before him, and then Abel followed; but as he reached the top and shuffled sideways to the wall, which he bestrode, there was the sound of a shot, followed by another, and another, and the fierce baying of dogs.

"Bedad, they've seen ye," said the sentry, as Abel dropped down.

"They've been in the barrack," whispered Bart.

"To be sure they have, sor; the sergeant was going round."

"Quick, take his hand!" said Bart.

"No!" whispered Abel, leveling the bayonet.

"No, no; for my mother's sake, sor!" cried the sentry, piteously. "She has only six of us, and I'm one."

"Put away that bagnet!" said Bart, hoarsely. "Take his hand, and run!"

"That's it, sor, at the double," said the sentry, rising from his knees, where he had flung himself. "I'm wid ye to the end of the world. It's a place I know, and—"

"Silence!" hissed Abel, as there was the loud clanging of a bell with the fierce yelping of dogs, and they dashed off, hand joined in hand, for the coffee plantation, away down by the cane-brake and the swamp.

#### CHAPTER XIII.

The hue and cry rose louder and louder as the fugitives ran laboriously toward the jungle brake. Lights could be seen; a signal gun was fired, and the little colony was up in arms, ready to hunt down the escaped criminals, lest they should take to the forest, from whence, after a time, they would issue forth as wild beasts. But in the darkness of that tropic night there would have been little danger of a recapture but for those sounds which told the availing men that their greatest enemies were now about—those who could hunt them down without light or sight, but would track them by scent with the greatest ease.

"Hark at that, now!" said the Irishman, as he ran on, step by step with the escaping prisoners. "D'ye hear the dogs giving tongue? They haven't got the scent right yet, me boys; but they'll have it soon. G'long; ye don't half run."

He ceased speaking for a few moments, and then continued apologetically—

"Faix, and it's meself forgot. Ye've got the bilboes on, and they make it bad running. There, d'ye hear the dogs? It's like having the hounds back at home, before I listed for a soger, and got sent out here. Run, ye devils, run! But, I say; if we're tuk, and it comes to a trial—court-martial, ye know—be fair to a boy, now, won't ye?"

"What do you mean?" said Bart, gruffly. "Remember that it was you made me desert. I couldn't help myself, could I?"

Bart did not answer, but kept on with his steady, lumbering trot, which was the more laborious to him from the shortness of his fetters making it difficult for him to keep up with his companions.

"Bedad, they're well on the scent!" said the Irishman, gazing back as he ran; "and it'll not be long before they're up with us. What'll we do at all?"

hot for them, and ere the fleeing party had reached the creek the fierce brutes had gained the edge of the jungle, through which they dragged their keepers, who mingled words of encouragement with oaths and curses as they were brought into contact with the tangled growth.

But all the same the hunt was hot, and in spite of Mary's foresight and the manner in which she guided her friends, the dogs were nearly upon them as the boat was reached.

"In first," whispered Abel; but Mary protested and would have hung back had not Bart lifted her bodily in after wading into the mud, where he stood and held the side of the frail canoe.

"Now, Abe, he," he whispered. "I can here them," shouted a voice. "Loose the dogs. Seize 'em, boys, seize 'em!"

"Here, room for me!" whispered Dinny. "No," cried Abel, fiercely. "Keep back!"

"I'm coming wid you," cried Dinny.

"Bart caught him by the shoulder."

"No, no, lad, we're escaping; this is no place for you."

"Be my sowl, this isn't," said Dinny, shaking himself free, and seizing the side of the boat he began to wade and thrust her from the shore. "In with you too."

Bart said no more, but followed the Irishman's example, and together they waded on into the muddy creek, only to get a few yards from the shore, as with a furious rush the dogs crashed through the canes and reeds, to stop, breast-deep, barking savagely.

"Purty creatures!" whispered Dinny. "Sure, and we musn't get in yet, or, if we do, it must be together. Pushher on!"

"Halt there!" cried a loud voice, suddenly. "I have you. Down, dogs! Do you hear?" Halt!

"Kape on," whispered Dinny.

"Make ready!" cried the same voice.

"Present! Will you surrender?"

"Lie down, me darlins," whispered Dinny.

"Divil a bit can they see where to shoot."

"Fire!" cried the same voice, and a dozen flashes of light blazed out of the cane-brake. There was a roar that seemed deafening and the darkness was once more opaque.

"Anybody hit?" whispered Dinny. "Silence gives consent," he added to himself. "Push along, and as soon as it's deep enough we'll get in. Ugh! bedad, it's up to me chin all at waist," he muttered. "Can you give a loy a hand?"

A hand caught his wrist, and he was helped over the stern of the boat, dripping and panting, as Bart scrambled in simultaneously, and though the little vessel threatened to upset, it held firm.

Then another volley was fired, for the bullets to go bursting through the canes, but over the fugitives' heads, and once more darkness reigned over the hurried buzz of voices and the furious baying of the dogs.

Order after order came from the soft marshy land at the edge of the creek, mingled with shouts at the dogs, which were now loose, and barking and yelping as they ran here and there at the side of the water, where their splashing could be heard by those in the boat, which was being propelled slowly and cautiously by Mary, who knelt in the prow and thrust a pole she carried down in the mud.

The baying of the dogs as they kept making rushes through the canes gave the pursuers some clew as to where the fugitives would be; and from time to time, after a command given to the escaping men to surrender, a volley was fired, the bright flashes from the muskets cutting the darkness, and showing where their danger lay.

It was slow work for both parties, the pursuers having to force their way painfully through the tangled growth, while the heavily-laden boat had to be propelled through what was in places little more than liquid mud full of fibrous vegetation, and what had been but a light task to Mary when she was alone, proved to be almost beyond her strength with so heavy a load.

"Are you going right?" whispered Abel at last, for they were hardly moving, and it seemed to him that they were running right in among the growth that whispered and creaked against the boat.

"Yes; be patient," was the stern reply. "I can see them. They're wading yonder in the mud up to their waists."

"There they are," came from apparently close at hand, and the dogs burst out more furiously than ever. "Now, then, you scoundrels, we can see you. Give up."

"Faith, and it's a cat he is," whispered Dinny. "What a fine sentry he'd make for night duty!"

"Surrender?" shouted the same voice, "or we'll blow you out of the water."

"The ugly, yellow-faced devil!" muttered Dinny.

"Now, then, come ashore, and I will not be so severe with you."

"Hark at that, now," whispered Dinny to Bart. "It's a baby he thinks ye, afeather all."

"Curse them! 'Fire then, sergeant," cried the overseer. "No mercy now."

"Down, dogs!" roared the man again. "Quick, there—fire!"

A rattling volley from close at hand rang out, and it was followed by utter silence, as if those ashore were listening.

"Curse your stupid fellows, sergeant! Why don't you make them fire lower?"

"If they fired lower, we should have hit the dogs, sir."

"Hang the dogs! I wanted you to hit the men. Now, then, fire again."

There was the rattling noise of the ramrods in the barrels as the men loaded, and once more silence. The sinuous nature of the muddy creek had brought the fugitives terribly near to the dense brake; but Mary's pole remained perfectly motionless, and there was nothing to be done but wait till the party moved on, when there would be a chance to get lower down towards the open sea; while, after the next quarter of a mile, the creek opened out into quite a little estuary dotted by sand-banks and islets of bamboos and palms.

"Now I have them!" cried the overseer, suddenly. "Bring a gun, sergeant. I can pick off that fellow easily."

"Faith, and what a foine liar he would make wid a little training," whispered Dinny. "Why, I can't even see my hand before me face."

"Hush," whispered Bart, and then he half started up in the boat, for there was a sudden splashing, a shout, and the piteous yelping and baying of a dog, which was taken up in chorus by the others present.

Yelp—bark—howl, accompanied by the splashing and beating of water, and rustling of reeds and canes, and then a choking, suffocating sound, as of some animal being dragged under water, after which the dogs whined and seemed to be scuffling away.

"What's the matter with the dogs?" said the overseer.

"One of those beasts of alligators dragged the poor brute down," said the sergeant. "It struck me with its tail."

There was a rushing, scuffling noise here, and the heavy trampling of people among the tangled growth, growing more distant moment by moment, in the midst of which Mary began to use her pole, and the boat glided on through the thick, half-liquid mud.

"Sure, an' it's pliant," said Dinny, coolly: "the dogs on one side, and the crockidills on the other. It isn't at all a tempting spot for a bathe; but I've got to have a dip as soon as we get out of this into the sea."

"What for?" whispered Bart.

"Bekase I'm wet with fresh wather and mud, and I'm a man who likes a little salt outside as well as in. It kapes off the ugly fayvers of the place. Do you want me to catch a cold?"

"Silence, there!" said Mary, gruffly, from her place in the prow; and for quite an hour she toiled on through the intense darkness, guiding the boat from the tangle of weedy growth and cane into winding canal-like portions of the lagoon, where every now and then they disturbed some great reptile, which plunged into deeper water with a loud splash, or wallowed farther among the half-liquid mud.

The sounds ashore grew distant, the firing had ceased; and, feeling safer, the little party began to converse in a low tone, all save Dinny, whose deep, regular breathing told that he had fallen fast asleep in happy carelessness of any risk that he might run. "How came you out here?" said Bart from his seat, after another vain effort to take Mary's place.

"Ship," she said laconically, and with a hoarse laugh.

"But who gave you a passage?" said Abel.

"Gave! No one," she said, speaking in quite a rough tone of voice. "How could I find friends who would give! I worked my way out."

"Oh," said Bart; and he sat back, thinking and listening as the pole kept falling in the water with a rhythmic splash, and the brother and sister carried on a conversation in a low tone.

"I suppose we are safe now," said Mary. "They never saw the boat, and they would think you are hiding somewhere in the woods."

"Yes; and because they don't find us, they'll think the alligators have pulled us down," replied Abel. "Where are we going?"

"To get right down to the mouth of this creek, and round the shore. There are plenty of hiding places along the coast. Islets and islands, with the trees growing

# NUTS TO CRACK!

## CHEAPSIDE'S :-: BARGAINS

WE HAVE JUST PASSED INTO STOCK A SPECIAL PURCHASE OF A LARGE LOT OF

## Dress Goods at 60 cts on the \$,

AND OFFER TO-DAY, WITHOUT THE SHADOW OF A DOUBT, THE CHEAPEST RANGE OF DRESS GOODS IN THE CENTRAL DISTRICT.

We Will Sell a beautiful knot costume cloth worth 30c for 20c; Floral Beiges worth 12½c for 8c; all-wool self-stripe goods worth 30c for 20c; mixed costume cloth worth 20c for 15c; ALL-WOOL de Beiges worth 20c for 12½; beautiful all-wool checked Beiges worth 50c for 35c; Broche Brilliantine worth 18c for 10c. The above are all the in the new latest shades—new goods; but bought much under their regular value.

We have also got hold of SOME RARE BARGAINS IN COTTON GOODS, and are able to sell you a regular 12½ cent Chambray for 8 cents. 15 cent, wide fine quality checked Gingham for 10 cents. 10 cent Gingham for 6½ cents. Fast-colour checked Shirting for 5 cents. 30 yards of fair quality Cotton for \$1. 12 cent Print for 8 cents. Our 7 cent Cotton is the same as others are charging 9 for. Looms at 5, 6, 7, 8, 9 and 10 cents that cannot be equalled anywhere.

You must see our fine range of Dress Goods and Silks.

You must for your own sake see our grand unequalled range of Prints, Sateens, Chambrays, new Mantle and Jacket Goods with buttons and trimmings, and our special purchase of Tweeds, out of which we can sell you a splendid heavy all-wool goods, worth 75 to 80 cents, for 50 cents.

We know of no store in the Country where there are more genuine bargains grouped together for your choosing.

Our Millinery Department presents as usual the choicest, best, tastiest, selections of the Season, and is being added to every day. We are more busy on orders than ever before but with a larger staff than ever before we hope to get out orders nearly on time.

Mrs. Clapp is very busy on dresses and mantles as usual.

Mr. Fox is turning out his usual good fits to our patrons.

CHEAPSIDE does its best to earn your patronage and keep it. Come and see us this Spring.

## HINCH & COMPANY,

LEADERS IN GENERAL DRY GOODS, MILLINERY and FURS.

hair?"

"Fire," said Mary coldly.

"Fire! what!—you've cut it off and burnt it?"

Mary nodded.

"Oh!" ejaculated Bart, and it sounded like a groan.

"Could a girl with long hair have worked her passage out here as a sailor-boy, and have come into that cane-brake and saved you two?" said Mary, sharply; and as Bart sat, staring at her with dilated eyes once more, she bent down after gazing at Dinny, still sleeping soundly, and laid her hand with a firm grip on her brother's shoulder. He started into wakefulness on the instant, and gazed without recognition in the face leaning over him.

"Don't you know me, Abel?" said Mary, sadly.

"You, Mary?—dressed like this?"

He started up angrily, his face flushing as hers had flushed, and his look darkened into a scowl.

"What else could I do?" she said, repeating her defence as she had pleaded to Bart. Then, as if her spirit rebelled against his anger, her eyes flashed with indignation, and she exclaimed hoarsely, "Well, I have saved you, and if you have done with me—there is the sea!"

"But you, dressed as a boy?" said Abel.

"Hush! Do you want that man to know?" whispered Mary, hoarsely. "My brother was unjustly punished and sent out here to die in prison, while I, a helpless girl, might have saved him, but I was too timid to do so."

## Napanea, Tamworth and Quebec Railway.

### EMPLOYEES TIME TABLE.

Eastern Standard Time.

No. 2.

Taking effect Jan. 13/00

Tweed to Kingston.				Kingston to Tweed.			
Stations.	No. 12.	No. 14.		Stations.	No. 11.	No. 13.	
Tweed	leave	6 30	1 30	Kingston	leave	1 20	4 45
Stoco	.....	6 40	1 40	G. T. R. Junction	.....	1 25	4 50
Larkins	.....	6 50	1 50	(Glennvale)	.....	1 30	5 00
Marbank	.....	7 10	2 10	Murvale	.....	1 35	5 05
Erinsville	.....	7 25	2 15	Harrowmith arrive	.....	2 10	5 30
Tamworth	.....	7 35	2 25	Harrowmith leave	.....	2 05	5 30
Wilson	.....	7 55	2 40	Frontenac	.....	2 10	5 40
Enterprise	.....	8 10	2 50	Yarker arrive	.....	2 20	5 50
Mudlake Bridge	.....	8 15	2 55	Yarker leave	.....	2 20	5 55
Glennvale	.....	8 25	3 05	Glennvale	.....	2 30	6 10
Yarker arrive	.....	8 30	3 10	Mudlake Bridge	.....	2 40	6 20
Yarker leave	.....	8 40	3 20	Enterprise	.....	2 45	6 25
Frontenac	.....	8 50	3 30	Wilson	.....	2 50	6 30
Harrowmith arrive	.....	8 55	3 35	Tamworth	.....	3 00	6 40
Harrowmith leave	.....	9 00	3 40	Erinsville	.....	3 10	6 45
Murvale	.....	9 10	3 50	Marbank	.....	3 20	6 50
Glennvale	.....	9 20	4 00	Larkins	.....	3 30	7 00
G. T. R. Junction	.....	9 30	4 10	Stoco	.....	3 40	7 10
Kingston	arrive	9 40	4 20	Tweed	arrive	3 50	7 20

Tweed to Napanea.				Napanea to Tweed.			
Stations.	No. 2.	No. 1.	No. 3.	Stations.	No. 1.	No. 1.	No. 3.
Harrowmith	leave	8 30	1 30	Napanea	leave	8 30	1 30
Frontenac	.....	8 40	1 40	Napanea Mills	.....	8 40	1 40
Yarker arrive	.....	8 50	1 50	Nesburgh	.....	8 50	1 50
Yarker leave	.....	9 00	2 00	Thompson's Mills	.....	9 00	2 00
Camden East	.....	9 10	2 10	Camden East	.....	9 10	2 10
Thompson's Mills	.....	9 20	2 20	Yarker arrive	.....	9 20	2 20
Nesburgh	.....	9 30	2 30	Yarker leave	.....	9 30	2 30
Napanea Mills	.....	9 40	2 40	Frontenac	.....	9 40	2 40
Napanea	arrive	9 50	2 50	Harrowmith	arrive	9 50	2 50



...came here out here: said Mary, ...  
"Ship," she said laconically, and with a hoarse laugh.  
"But who gave you a passage?" said Abel.  
"Gave! No one," she said, speaking in quite a rough tone of voice. "How could I find friends who would give! I worked my way out."  
"Oh," said Bart; and he sat back, thinking and listening as the pole kept falling in the water with a rhythmic splash, and the brother and sister carried on a conversation in a low tone.  
"I suppose we are safe now," said Mary. "They never saw the boat, and they would think you are hiding somewhere in the woods."  
"Yes; and because they don't find us, they'll think the alligators have pulled us down," replied Abel. "Where are we going?"  
"To get right down to the mouth of this creek, and round the shore. There are plenty of hiding places along the coast. Inlets and islands, with the trees growing to the edge of the sea."  
"And what then?" said Abel.  
"What then?" said Mary, in a half wondering tone.  
"Yes; where shall we go?"  
There was an interval of silence, during which the boat glided on in the darkness, which seemed to be quite opaque.  
"I had not thought of that," said Mary, in the same short, rough voice which she seemed to have adopted. "I only thought of finding you, Abel, and when I had found you, of helping you to escape."  
"She never thought of me," muttered Bart, with a sigh.  
"Good girl," said Abel, tenderly.  
"Hush! Don't say that," she cried shortly. "Who is this man with you?" she whispered then.  
"One of the sentries."  
"Why did you bring him?"  
"We were obliged to bring him, or —"  
"Kill him?" said Mary, hoarsely, for her brother did not end his sentence.  
"Yes."  
"You must set him ashore, of course."  
"Yes, of course. And then?"  
"I don't know, Abel. I wanted to help you to escape, and you have escaped. You must do the rest."  
"You're a brave, true girl," said Abel, enthusiastically; but he was again checked shortly.  
"Don't say that," cried Mary, in an angry tone.  
"What's she mean?" thought Bart; and he lay back wondering, while the boat glided on, and there was a long pause, for Abel ceased speaking, and when his deep breathing took Bart's attention and he leaned forward and touched him there was no rest at all.  
"Why, he's fallen asleep, Mary," said Bart, in a whisper.  
"Hush, Bart—don't call me that!" came from the prow.  
"All right, my lass!" said the rough fellow. "I'll do anything you tell me."  
"Then don't say 'my lass' to me."  
"I won't if you don't wish it," growled Bart. "Here, let me pole her along now."  
"No; sit still. Is that man asleep?"  
"Yes; can't you hear? He's fagged out like poor old Abel. But let me pole the boat."  
"No; she'll drift now with the current and we shall be carried out to sea. If the people yonder saw us then they would not know who was in the boat. You have escaped, Bart?"  
"Av, we've escaped, my —"  
"Hush, I say!" cried Mary, imperiously; and Bart, feeling puzzled, rubbed one ear at gazing straight before him into the S. S. where he knew the girl to be, his gasp of astonishment filling up the blanks, till he tried to see her standing up in the boat, and a red worsted cap perched jauntily on her raven black hair, and a tight, blue-glittered jacket above her linsey woolsey skirt, just as he had seen her hundreds of times in her father's, and then in Abel's boat, at home on the Devon shore.  
All at once Bart Wrigley opened his eyes and stared. Had he been asleep and dreamed that he and Abel had escaped, and that he was in the Dell's boat, with Mary poling it along?  
What did it all mean? He was in a boat, and behind him lay back the soldier with his mouth open, sleeping heavily. On his left was Abel Dell, also sleeping as a man sleeps who is utterly exhausted by some terrible exertion. But that was not the Devon coast, upon which the sun was shedding its early morning rays. Dense belts of mangrove did not spread their muddy roots like intricate rustic scaffolding on southern English shores, and there were no clusters of alligators lying here and there among the mud and ooze.

...have come into that cane-brake and saved you two?" said Mary, sharply; and as Bart sat staring at her with dilated eyes once more, she bent down after gazing at Dinny, still sleeping soundly, and laid her hand with a firm grip on her brother's shoulder.  
He started into wakefulness on the instant, and gazed without recognition in the face leaning over him.  
"Don't you know me, Abel?" said Mary, sadly.  
"You, Mary?—dressed like this?"  
He started up angrily, his face flushing as he had flung, and his look darkened into a scowl.  
"What else could I do?" she said, repeating her defence as she had pleaded to Bart. Then, as if her spirit rebelled against his anger, her eyes flashed with indignation, and she exclaimed hoarsely, "Well, I have saved you, and if you have done with me, there is the sea!"  
"But you dressed as a boy!" said Abel.  
"Hush! Do you want that man to know?" whispered Mary, hoarsely. "My brother was unjustly punished and sent out here to die in prison, while I, a helpless girl, might have starved at home, or been hunted down by that devil who called himself a man. What could I do?"  
"But you worked your passage out here as a sailor?" whispered Abel.  
"Ay, and she could do it, too, as good a sailor as ever took to sail; and, Mary, less. I ask you pardon for laughing; and if I wasn't such a big ugly chap, I could lie down there and cry."  
He held out his great coarse hand, in which Mary placed hers to return his honest clasp, and her eyes smiled for a moment into his, while Abel sat frowning and biting his lips as he glanced at Dinny.  
"I don't know what to do," he said, hesitatingly. "It seems —"  
"Heigh ho! ho! Oh, dear me!" cried Dinny, opening his eyes suddenly, making Mary start and Abel mutter a curse.  
"There was only one of the two equal to the emergency, and that was Bart, who gave his knee a sounding slap and cried aloud: 'Jack Dell, my lad, you've behaved like a trump, and got us away splendid. I only wish, Abel, I had such a brother. Hallo, sorer, where shall we let you ashore?'"  
"Set me ashore?" said the Irishman, nodding at Mary: "what for?"  
"What for?" cried Bart. "To go back."  
"I'm not going back," said the Irishman, smiling. "Sure, I want a change."  
"Change?" cried Abel. "You can't go with us."  
"Sure, and you forced me to come, and ye wouldn't behave so dorthilly as to send me back?"  
"But we're escaping," said Bart.  
"Sure, and I'll escape, too," said Dinny, smiling. "It's mighty dull work stopping here."  
"But you're a soldier," said Abel.  
"To be sure I am a soldier of fortune."  
"You'll be a deserter if you stop with us," growled Bart.  
"The devil a bit! Ye made me a prishner, and I couldn't help meself."  
"Why, I was led you to go back last night," growled Bart.  
"To beate up a centoreily by the ugly baster of dogs! Thank ye kindly, sor, I'd rather not."  
(To be continued).

**THE BEST SEEDS**  
are those put up by  
**D. M. FERRY & CO.**  
Who are the Largest  
Seedsmen in the world.  
D. M. FERRY & CO.'s  
Beautifully Illustrated, Descriptive  
and Priced  
**SEED ANNUAL**  
for 1890 will be mailed FREE to all  
applicants, and to last season's customers. It is better than ever. Every  
person using Garden, Flower  
or Field SEEDS should send for it.  
**D. M. FERRY & CO.**  
WINDSOR, ONT.

1260w



Stations.	No. 12.	No. 14.
Tweed	leave 6:30	1:30
Steele	6:40	1:40
Larkins	6:50	1:50
Maribank	7:10	2:10
Erinville	7:25	2:15
Tamworth	7:55	2:25
Wilson	8:10	2:40
Enterprise	8:15	2:45
Mudlake Bridge	8:15	2:50
Moscow	8:15	2:50
Galbraith	8:25	3:00
Yarker arrive	8:45	3:00
Yarker leave	8:45	3:10
Frontenac	8:45	3:10
Harrowsmith arrive	8:45	3:15
Harrowsmith leave	8:45	3:15
Murvale	9:00	3:25
Glenvale	9:10	3:30
G. T. R. Junction	9:10	3:30
Kingston	arrive 9:10	1:00

**Tweed to Napanee**

Stations.	No. 12.	No. 14.	No. 9.
Harrowsmith	leave 8:10	3:10	6:10
Frontenac	8:10	3:10	6:10
Yarker arrive	8:45	3:00	6:00
Yarker leave	8:45	3:10	6:10
Canadian East	8:45	3:10	6:10
Thompson's Mills	8:45	3:10	6:10
Nowburgh	8:45	3:10	6:10
Napanee Mills	8:45	3:10	6:10
Napanee	arrive 9:10	3:10	6:10

Stations.	No. 11.	No. 13.
Kingston	leave 1:25	4:45
G. T. R. Junction	1:25	4:45
Glenvale	1:25	4:45
Murvale	1:35	4:55
Harrowsmith arrive	2:10	5:30
Harrowsmith leave	2:10	5:30
Frontenac	2:10	5:30
Yarker arrive	2:20	5:40
Yarker leave	2:20	5:40
Galbraith	2:20	5:40
Moscow	2:20	5:40
Mudlake Bridge	2:20	5:40
Enterprise	2:40	5:50
Wilson	2:40	5:50
Tamworth	2:40	5:50
Kernville	2:40	5:50
Maribank	2:40	5:50
Larkins	2:40	5:50
Steele	2:40	5:50
Tweed	arrive 2:40	5:50

**Napanee to Tweed**

Stations.	No. 11.	No. 13.
Napanee	leave 9:25	1:00
Napanee Mills	9:25	1:00
Nowburgh	9:25	1:00
Thompson's Mills	9:25	1:00
Canadian East	9:25	1:00
Yarker arrive	9:25	1:00
Yarker leave	9:25	1:00
Frontenac	9:25	1:00
Harrowsmith	arrive 9:25	1:00

(Trains stop on signal, CONNECTIONS—At Napanee with Grand Trunk Railway East and West. At Tweed with Canadian Pacific Railway, East and West and stage lines North. At Harrowsmith with Kingston & Pembroke Railway for points North. At Kingston with Grand Trunk Railway, Stage connections. Canadian East for Centreville and Deserond. Yarker for Petworth; Toronto for Arden, tri-weekly, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays.)

This time table shows the times at which the train may be expected to arrive at and depart from the several stations, but as the punctuality of trains depends on connection with other lines, the arrivals and departures at the time stated are not guaranteed, nor does the Company hold itself responsible for delay or inconvenience arising therefrom.

R. C. CARTER, H. B. SHERWOOD, E. W. RATHBUN,  
Assistant Gen. Manager. Supt. and Gen. Pass. Agent. Gen. Manager.

**GIBBARD & SON**  
The  
**LEADING**  
& **UNDERTAKERS**  
& **EMBALMERS**  
DUNDAS STREET  
NAPANEE ONT.

## We Give Special Attention

to this branch of our business, and are in a position to furnish Funerals at much less cost than any other establishment, furnishing good covered Coffins and Caskets, better trimmed, at less price than any other can furnish common articles. The only house that keeps a full line of goods to select from. Best Hearse in the Counties always in Attendance. Give us a call and satisfy yourselves.

**J. GIBBARD & SON.**

**Best and Cheapest Fence**  
STEEL RODS—IRON FOUNDATION.  
BUILDERS' IRON WORK,  
Office Railings, Lawn Furniture  
AND FOUNTAINS, ETC.  
ADDRESS  
**Barnum Wire & Iron Works**  
(LIMITED).  
WALKERVILLE, ONTARIO.



**THE—**  
**RATHBUN CO.**  
**NAPANEE AGENCY**  
—DEALERS IN—  
Lumber, Shingles Lath,  
And all descriptions of  
**BUILDING MATERIAL**

**KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.**  
OFFICE OF CHARLES A. SYDNER,  
BREEDER OF



"I don't thought of that," said Mary, in the same short, rough voice which she seemed to have adopted. "I only thought of finding you, Abel, and when I had found you, of helping you to escape."

"She never thought of me," muttered Bart, with a sigh.

"Good girl," said Abel, tenderly.

"Hush! Don't say that," she cried shortly. "Who is this man with you?" she whispered then.

"One of the sentries."

"Why did you bring him?"

"We were obliged to bring him, or —"

"Kill him?" said Mary, hoarsely, for her brother did not end his sentence.

"Yes."

"You must set him ashore, of course."

"Yes, of course. And then?"

"I don't know, Abel. I wanted to help you to escape, and you have escaped. You must do the rest."

"You're a brave, true girl," said Abel, enthusiastically; but he was again checked shortly.

"Don't say that," cried Mary, in an angry tone.

"What's she mean?" thought Bart; and he lay back wondering, while the boat glided on, and there was a long pause, for Abel ceased speaking, and when his deep breaths took Bart's attention and he leaned forward, and touched him there was no rest at all.

"Why, he's fallen asleep, Mary," said Bart, in a whisper.

"Hush, Bart—don't call me that!" came from the prow.

"All right, my lass!" said the rough fellow. "I'll do anything you tell me."

"Then don't say 'my lass' to me."

"I won't if you don't wish it," growled Bart. "Here, let me pole her along now."

"No; sit still. Is that man asleep?"

"Yes; can't you hear? He's fagged out like poor old Abel. But let me pole the boat."

"No; she'll drift now with the current and we shall be carried out to sea. If the people yonder saw us then they would not know who was in the boat. You have escaped, Bart?"

"Av, we've escaped, my—"

"Hush, I say!" cried Mary, imperiously; and Bart, feeling puzzled, rubbed one ear.

"Staying straight before him into the boat, where he knew the girl to be, his attention filling up the blanks, till he ceased to see her standing up in the boat, but a red worsted cap perched jauntily on her raven black hair, and a tight, blue-knit jacket above her linsy woolsey skirt, just as he had seen her hundreds of times in her father's, and then in Abel's boat, at home on the Devon shore.

All at once Bart Wrigley opened his eyes and stared. Had he been asleep and dreamed that he and Abel had escaped, and that he was in the Dell's boat, with Mary poling it along?

What did it all mean? He was in a boat, and behind him lay back the soldier with his mouth open, sleeping heavily. On his left was Abel Dell, also sleeping as a man sleeps who is utterly exhausted by some terrible exertion. But that was not the Devon coast, upon which the sun was shedding its early morning rays. Dense belts of mangrove did not spread their muddy roots like intricate rustic scaffoldings on southern English shores, and there were no clusters of alligators lying here and there among the mud and ooze.

It was true enough. They did escape in the night, and Mary had been there ready to help them with a boat; but where was she now? and who was this sturdy youth in loose petticoat-canvas trousers, and heavy fisherman's boots.

Bart stared till his eyes showed a ring of white about their pupils, and his mouth opened roundly in unison for a time. Then eyes and mouth closed tightly, and wrinkles appeared all over his face, as he softly shook all over, and then, after glancing at Abel and the Irish soldier, he uttered a low—

"Haw, haw!"

The figure in the boat swung round and faced him sharply, glancing at the two sleeping men, and holding up a roughened brown hand to command silence.

"All right," said Bart, half-choking with mirth; and then, "Oh, I say, my lass, you do look rum in them big boots!"

"Silence, idiot!" she whispered, sharply.

"Do you want that strange man to know?"

"Nay, not I," said Bart, shortly, as he too glanced at Dinny. "But I say, you do look rum."

"Bart," whispered Mary, fiercely, and her eyes flashed with indignant anger, "is this a time to fool?"

"Nay, my lass, nay," he said, becoming sober on the instant. "But you do look so rum. I say, though," he cried, sharply, "what's gone of all your beautiful long

wasn't such a big ugly chap, I could have down there and cry."

He held out his great, coarse hand, in which Mary placed hers to return his honest clasp, and her eyes smiled for a moment into his, while Abel sat frowning and biting his lips as he glanced at Dinny.

"I don't know what to do," he said, hesitatingly. "It seems —"

"Heigh ho! Oh, dear me!" cried Dinny, opening his eyes, and suddenly, making Mary start and Abel mutter a curse.

There was only one of the two equal to the emergency, and that was Bart, who gave his knee a sounding slap and cried aloud —

"Back Dell, my lad, you've behaved like a trump, and got us away; splendid. I only wish, Abel, I had such a brother. Hallo, sorer, where shall we let you ashore?"

"Set me ashore!" said the Irishman, nodding at Mary. "What for?"

"What for?" cried Bart. "To go back."

"I'm not going back," said the Irishman, smiling. "Sure, I want a change."

"Change?" cried Abel. "You can't go with us."

"Sure, and you forced me to come, and ye wouldn't behave so dirtily as to send me back?"

"But we're escaping," said Bart.

"Sure, and I'll escape, too," said Dinny, smiling. "It's mighty dull work stopping here."

"But you're a soldier," said Abel.

"To be sure I am! a soldier of fortune."

"You'll be a deserter if you stop with us," growled Bart.

"The devil a bit! Ye made me a prisoner, and I couldn't help myself."

"Why, I was led you to go back last night," growled Bart.

"To beate up entirely by the ugly baster of dogs! Thank ye kindly, sor, I'd rather not."

(To be continued).

**THE BEST SEEDS**  
are those put up by  
**D. M. FERRY & CO.**  
Who are the Largest  
Seedsmen in the world.  
D. M. FERRY & Co's  
Beautifully Illustrated, Descriptive  
and Priced  
**SEED ANNUAL**  
for 1890 will be mailed FREE to all  
applicants, and to last season's cus-  
tomers. It is better than ever. Every  
person using Garden, Flower  
or Field SEEDS should send for it.  
**D. M. FERRY & CO.**  
WINDSOR, ONT.



**Carscallen & Bro.,**  
Undertaking Establishment.

Low Priced, No Combination

**COFFINS, CASKETS, ROBES, Etc.,**

Keep constantly on hand a complete stock of all the latest designs to be found in

which we are prepared to sell 25 per cent. cheaper than any house in the county. We use the best deodorizer, thus obviating all unpleasant odors. Embalming a specialty. Having purchased one of the Handsomest Hearsees at the Toronto exhibition we are prepared to attend personally funerals in the most satisfactory manner. The public will do well to call and examine our stock, and be convinced that ours is the place to buy.

We have also added a full line of the newest things in Wall Paper, Ceiling Decorations, Window Shades and Picture Railing, Paints and Oils Paint Mixed. Persons wanting anything in this line will do well to call on us before purchasing elsewhere. Remember the place, Centre-street one block south of Main.

5117 CARSALLLEN & BRO.

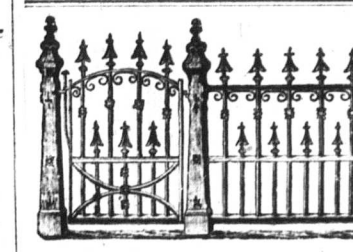
R. C. CARTER, Assistant Gen. Manager. D. B. SHERWOOD, Supt. and Gen. Pass. Agent. E. W. RATHBUN, Gen. Manager.

**GIBBARD & SON**  
The  
**LEADING**  
**UNDERTAKERS**  
**& EMBALMERS**  
DUNDAS STREET  
NAPANEE ONT.

**We Give Special Attention**

to this branch of our business, and are in a position to furnish Funerals at much less cost than any other establishment, furnishing good covered Coffins and Caskets, better trimmed, at less price than any other can furnish common articles. The only house that keeps a full line of goods to select from. Best Hearse in the Counties always in Attendance. Give us a call and satisfy yourselves.

J. GIBBARD & SON.



**Best and Cheapest Fence**  
STEEL RODS—IRON FOUNDATION.  
BUILDERS' IRON WORK,  
Office Railings, Lawn Furniture  
AND FOUNTAINS, ETC.  
ADDRESS  
**Barnum Wire & Iron Works**  
(LIMITED),  
WALKERVILLE, ONTARIO.

—THE—  
**RATHBUN CO.**  
NAPANEE AGENCY  
—DEALERS IN—  
Lumber, Shingles Lath,  
And all descriptions of  
**BUILDING MATERIAL**  
Both rough and dressed, including  
**DOORS, SASH, BLINDS**  
**DRAIN TILE, Etc.**  
**WOOD & COAL**  
For Foundry, Smithing and Domestic  
purposes.  
YARDS—South of Swing Bridge,  
CENTRE STREET.  
**J. J. Taylor, Agent.**  
NEW STOCK OF  
**Wall Paper**  
just received. Also new Spring Goods now coming in almost daily.  
**I. J. LOCKWOOD,**  
Corner Brisco House Block,

5117

**KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.**  
OFFER OF CHARLES A. SNYDER, BREEDER OF CLEVELAND BAY AND TROTTER BRED HORSES, ELNWOOD, ILL., NOV. 20, 1888.  
DR. B. J. KENDALL CO., Dear Sirs: I have always purchased your Kendall's Spavin Cure by the half dozen bottles. I would like prices in larger quantity. I think it is one of the best liniments on earth. I have used it on my stable for three years.  
Yours truly, CHAS. A. SNYDER.  
**KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.**  
BROOKLYN, N. Y., November 3, 1888.  
DR. B. J. KENDALL CO., Dear Sirs: I desire to give you testimonial of my good opinion of your Kendall's Spavin Cure. I have used it for Lameness, Stiff Joints and Spavins, and I have found it a sure cure. I cordially recommend it to all horsemen.  
Yours truly, A. H. GILBERT, Manager Troy Laundry Stables.  
**KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.**  
SANT WINTON COUNTY, OHIO, Dec. 19, 1888.  
DR. B. J. KENDALL CO., Gentls: I feel it my duty to say what I have done with your Kendall's Spavin Cure. I have cured twenty-five horses that had Spavins, ten of King Bone, nine afflicted with Big Head and seven of Big Jaw. Since I have had one of your books and followed the directions, I have never lost a case of any kind.  
Yours truly, ANDREW TURNER, Horse Doctor.  
**KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.**  
Price \$1 per bottle, or six bottles for \$5. All Druggists have it or can get it for you, or it will be sent to any address on receipt of price by the proprietors. DR. B. J. KENDALL CO., Elmwood Falls, VT.  
**SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.**

—THE—  
**RATHBUN CO.**  
NAPANEE AGENCY  
—DEALERS IN—  
Lumber, Shingles Lath,  
And all descriptions of  
**BUILDING MATERIAL**  
Both rough and dressed, including  
**DOORS, SASH, BLINDS**  
**DRAIN TILE, Etc.**  
**WOOD & COAL**  
For Foundry, Smithing and Domestic  
purposes.  
YARDS—South of Swing Bridge,  
CENTRE STREET.  
**J. J. Taylor, Agent.**  
NEW STOCK OF  
**Wall Paper**  
just received. Also new Spring Goods now coming in almost daily.  
**I. J. LOCKWOOD,**  
Corner Brisco House Block,



# ROBINSON & CO'S COLUMN.

## MILLINERY.

Fashion, Beauty and Economy are the main features in our display of Millinery this season. Miss SMITH has established her reputation as a first-class artist more firmly than ever. Our stock of Hats, Bonnets, Ribbons, Feathers and Plumes is perfect in every detail. No lady can leave our establishment dissatisfied with the style, the variety of the values. Our prices are not the exorbitant prices that other houses charge for Millinery Goods. Our Millinery Goods are all marked at the regular dry goods percentage.

## DRESS GOODS.

Our stock of Dress Goods is this season better assorted than ever before. We have every shade and every material that can please the eye of the most fastidious. Most of the patterns are confined to ourselves, and cannot be procured from other houses. From 8 and 10 cents per yard all the way up you will find the values right. Our 25c. Dress Goods cannot be bought anywhere else under 35c. We are the Leading Dry Goods House of Napanee.

## STAPLE DEPARTMENT.

In spite of the general depression in trade and hard times, our sales in this department are considerably in excess of last year. A look at our Cottons at 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9 and 10 cents per yard and the reason is explained. Ladies are not slow to discover where they buy the cheapest Cottons. Our 10c. Steamloom is equal to what you pay 12c for at other stores. Our Shirtings are 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, and 14 cents, and our Cottonades at 12, 15, 17, 18, 20, 22 and 25 cents per yard are all in the same category, and distinguished by the one leading feature—good value. Towels, Table Linens, Table Napkins, Tickings, Striped Hessian Bed Spreads, Table Covers, Cotton Yarns and Cotton Warps are here in every design and price.

## PARASOLS AND UMBRELLAS.

Early in the season is the time to buy Parasols. First purchases are always the best, and you always have the largest assortment to choose from. Our importing order for these goods was placed at the most advantageous time, and we feel proud of our stock. Our Umbrellas commence at 50 cents each for a large, durable article. Where can you equal it?

## HATS. HATS.

Our Hats for Men and Boys, which are all our own importations and the styles confined to ourselves, are selling very rapidly. These goods are manufactured by Sutton & Torkington, of London, Eng., and are the best goods on the English market to-day. We commence our Soft Felt Hats at 50 cents each, and our Hard Felt Hats at \$1 each. Buy your Hats from us.

## BOYS' SUITS.

Have you ever bought our stylish little suits for your boys? If not, don't let the season pass without doing so. These goods are something to be proud of. They fit perfectly any boy from 5 years of age up. We commence them at \$1.75 per suit.

# Robinson & Co.,

(Successors to Downey & Co.)

**THE WATERWORKS.**—It is expected that by the latter part of next week the waterworks will be completed. Excavations are being made at the Court House.

**IMPROVEMENTS.**—The school room of the Western church is to be renovated. The ceiling and wall will be papered, the woodwork painted and everything made neat and attractive.

For a pretty and durable suit for your boy go to **LAHEY & McKENTY'S.**

**SPECIAL SERVICES.**—The special services which have been in progress during the past week in the Western Methodist church will be continued through the next week. Rev. D. O. Crossley, of Newburgh, will assist.

**NAVIGATION.**—The Str. Reindeer began her regular trip on Monday last. She has been thoroughly fitted up and is in good shape for a prosperous season. She arrives in Napanee at 10 a. m., and leaves at 2 p. m., calling at all intermediate ports each way.

**BARELY POSSIBLE.**—You can travel Ontario from east to west, but it is barely possible if you will be able to find worse sidewalks in your trip than some of those in Napanee. Councillors employ a man to repair them who knows something about the work.

"Kit, the Arkansas Traveler," in the opera house on Thursday, 24th.

**SPORTS.**—Napanee can proudly boast of having almost everything on the catalogue in the line of sports, but one thing the young people should endeavor to organize is a lacrosse club. We used to have a club, which could paralyze the neighborhood with a challenge, but those good old days have passed. Let them be resuscitated.

**EXHIBITION CAR.**—On Thursday the C. P. R. exhibition was at Napanee, and was visited by many people from both town and country. The samples were from Manitoba, British Columbia, Alberta and Assiniboia, and were such as would leave an impression on the minds of all who saw them. Besides grain and vegetables there were also fruit and grasses. The car left to-day for Yarker, Timworth and Tweed.

**POLICE COURT.**—Harry Symonds and H. Smith, who were sent to jail on Wednesday last week to await judgment on a charge of larceny were brought before the Police Magistrate on Monday. Symonds was acquitted, but Smith was fined \$2 and costs and instructed to leave town. Thos. Watson was up on Wednesday for being drunk and disorderly and was fined \$1 and costs and in default of payment was sent to jail.

**PARTING WORDS.**—On Thursday last an apron social was held in the school room of St. Mary Magdalene's church. In the evening refreshments were served and an excellent programme given. During the evening addresses from the church and Sabbath school were presented to the retiring pastor, Ven. Archdeacon T. Bedford-Jones, expressive of the deep feeling of regret at the removal of the reverend gentleman from this parish. Replies were made to each address thanking both congregation and school for their kindly feelings expressed in each address.

**SUDDEN DEATH.**—On Friday last Mrs. Benj. Stenborg, of Trenton, daughter of Jacob Wagar, of Napanee and formerly of South Fredericksburg, was found dead in the barn. Mrs. Stenborg has been in Napanee about seven months on a visit to her father for the benefit of her health. She went out for a walk round the yard at about 4 o'clock as usual, and was found shortly after lying dead, the cause of death being failure of the heart. She was 32 years of age, and of the Methodist persuasion. She had been ailing for over a year. The funeral took place on Sunday to the Huffman cemetery. It was largely attended by relations and friends.

**TEMPER IN A TROOP.**—Thursday evening last a special meeting of the town council was held for the purpose of considering the change in the water mains as asked by the Board of Education. After considerable discussion a motion was passed changing the course of the main from Thomas and Robert streets as per contract, northward on West street to the corner of West and Graham streets, thence easterly, and to place the mains located on Centre street to Bridge street. When the motion was carried the Street Committee resigned. Word was sent by the foreman of the work to the contractor, who instructed them to proceed with the work according to contract. There is a possibility of the soup boiling over at the session of the council on Monday evening.

Plan of hall for "Kit, the Arkansas

## SHOCKING ACCIDENT.

**A Richmond Farmer Badly Injured by a Runaway Horse.**

On Wednesday afternoon last, a most shocking accident occurred, which may have serious results. Mr. George F. Sexsmith, who lives a short distance from Selby, drove down to the Big mill to get a load of wheat preparatory to starting for home. Mr. Grass, who is employed at the mill was loading the wagon when the horses became frightened and started and making a sharp crank upset the wagon. Mr. Sexsmith was thrown underneath, became tangled in the lines and was dragged to the corner of Dundas st., where by the bravery and pluck of Mr. Reuben Barling the horses were stopped. He ran and grabbed one of them by the bit. The animals were unhitched and the unfortunate man taken from under the wagon. He was found to be seriously hurt, his right ear being completely torn off, his head badly cut and three ribs broken. A doctor was telephoned for and before he arrived it was feared the man was beyond help. Dr. Ward arrived and found him still living. He was carried to the Brisco House before the wounds were dressed. His wife was down street making purchases at the time the accident occurred, and when the news was broken to her she hastened to the hotel and found the facts too true. Her grief was unbounded for she had just left him a few minutes before to go and get the horses. The affair cast a gloom over the entire town. Mr. Wm. Waller drove out to the home of Mr. Sexsmith to inform the other members of the family of the accident which had befallen their father.

The unfortunate man died about 7.30 Friday morning. He never became thoroughly conscious. On Wednesday night the doctor raised the lids of his eyes when he recognized his wife and on Thursday his son spoke to him when he answered by calling him by his name.

## A Novel Advertisement.

The following story, which has never before appeared in print, is told about the editor of one of Maine's most prominent dailies: When a small boy, his father, now one of the most prominent men in the State, was then running a printing office and publishing a weekly paper in one of the largest towns in Kennebec County. One day the advance agent of a show came along and ordered some posters printed upon cotton cloth. His order was filled, but for some reason he neglected to call for them, and they were thus left on the printer's hands. The printer's wife ran across them, and as cloth was then high, she took the cloth home and used it to line a pair of pants she was then making for the editor above mentioned, then a boy about ten years of age.

As the months rolled by the pantalons grew threadbare, and at school one day he accidentally tore the seat out, leaving about one foot of lining exposed to view. This in itself would have made the boys smile, but they laughed till the tears came when they observed the following words standing out boldly upon the lining in large type: "Doors open at 7.30. Performance begins at 8."

It is needless to state that the boy was sent home to his mother in tears.—Globe.

## A Weighty Opinion.

Mr. Justice Itoe in charging a jury the other day made the following suggestive observations:

"Let me say a word about this constant attack upon the Roman Catholic Church. Some of you may have strong Protestant feeling, but is there a man who dare say that the Church to which he happens to belong contains all the truth and nothing of error? Is there any one denomination of Christians that to-day has all the truth, or affirms as truth all that their fathers and forefathers affirmed as truths? Does not the advancement and enlightenment which comes from years of study of God's Word and religious teachings show that many of us have yet many things to learn, and that we are only on the ocean shore picking up the pebbles and beyond us lies the large sea of truth? And can any one of us say that all is error outside of us? Let us be tolerant each of the others opinions, because, if we believe as we have been taught, we feel assured that in the Great Day no one will be approved because he is a Roman Catholic or because he is a Protestant, because he is an Anglican, Presbyterian, Methodist or a Baptist, but simply because he is a Christian, having observed the rules of right and wrong and done his duty to his neighbor, and so far as he is a Christian, his duty to his God. And it is

the best and you always have the largest assortment to choose from. Our import-  
order for these goods was placed at the most advantageous time, and we feel  
proud of our stock. Our Umbrellas commence at 50 cents each for a large, durable  
article. Where can you equal it?

## HATS. HATS.

Our Hats for Men and Boys, which are all our own importations and the  
styles confined to ourselves, are selling very rapidly. These goods are manufactured  
by Sutton & Torkington, of London, Eng., and are the best goods on the English  
market to day. We commence our Soft Felt Hats at 50 cents each, and our Hard  
Felt Hats at \$1 each. Buy your Hats from us.

## BOYS' SUITS.

Have you ever bought our stylish little suits for your boys? If not, don't let  
the season pass without doing so. These goods are something to be proud of. They  
fit perfectly any boy from 5 years of age up. We commence them at \$1.75 per suit.

# Robinson & Co.,

(Successors to Downey & Co.)

## The Napanee Express

NAPANEE, FRIDAY, APRIL 11, 1890.

### Marriage Licenses

Also by Order of the Clerk of the Court, (application  
privately and confidential.)

### Canfield Shorey

Notary Public, Napanee, Ont.

## NOTICE.

Subscribers to the EXPRESS will  
please take notice that all outstanding  
subscriptions and all Job Printing and  
Advertising from Jan. 1st, 1890, are  
payable to the new proprietors,

FOLLARD & McLAUGHLIN.

The new Kid Gloves at  
LAHEY & McKENTY'S.  
The Council meets next Monday  
evening.

The Council should take some steps  
towards having the streets sprinkled.

The guardwall on the east side of the  
new R. R. track at the bridge is being re-  
built.

John Jamieson has commenced work  
on the erection of his new building on John  
street north.

One police have donated their new offi-  
cial uniforms. They present quite an imposing  
appearance.

The subject of Rev. C. O. Johnston's  
sermon on Sunday night is: "The justice of  
eternal punishment."

The "Arkansas Traveller" drew a  
large house at the Court Street Theatre,  
last night, while there.

The remains of Mr. Wm. Hovey and  
Mrs. Mitchell were taken from the vault on  
Tuesday and interred.

Wanted at the Parley House married  
couple, two dining room girls and two  
housemaids. 141

The Sows. Several good milk cows for  
sale. Apply to Mr. H. M. Vandebogart  
residing at the undersigned. 146

For Sale. A very desirable residence on  
Main street, Napanee. Nine rooms, good  
plot of ground. Rent low. Apply to H. G.  
Mullin, at Campbell House. 147

A choice new stock of hoes, garden  
spading forks, manure forks, etc., to  
be sold from Building material, the best  
quality. Something entirely new in hose  
M. S. Menden. 148

Mens' Suits, new lot, splendid goods and  
very cheap at LAHEY & McKENTY'S.

To BUILDERS. We direct attention to  
the advertisement of Mr. Thos. Meagher,  
regarding lime, sand and brick, to be found  
on our first page.

TAKING WILLS. The Carleton Place Central  
Canadian says: Rev. Mr. Elliott, the  
new rector of St. James', officiated last  
Sabbath, and gave much pleasure to the  
people.

A BOSTON. The Brockville Recorder has  
a subscriber on its list that has received  
that paper for 66 years. Evidently, if you  
want to live long, take a local paper, and  
keep your subscription paid.

A HINT FOR FARMERS. A celebrated  
horseman in writing upon "breeding  
horses" says it is a serious mistake to breed  
Percherons with the Clydesdales, as the  
cross lowers the excellent qualities of the  
two breeds.

MINISTERIAL VISIT. The Archbishop of  
Toronto and the bishops of Hamilton and  
Peterborough are on a visit to Archbishop  
Cleary, of Kingston. It is understood that  
they will agree upon the names of three  
ecclesiastics for recommendation for the  
Bishopric of Alexandria.

Henry Chanfrau in "Kit, the Arkian  
Traveller," on Tuesday evening next.

CONFIDENTIAL. Judge Armour remarked  
on Tuesday while charging the jury in the  
Marron murder case, that the appeal of  
R. C. Clute, O. C., to the jury was one of  
the most eloquent and able that had ever  
been heard. The learned Judge has had  
a sentence in law of forty-five years.

MEETING OF THE REFORMERS. A public  
meeting of the Reformers of which it is  
hereby called, to be held in the town hall,  
Napanee, at 8 o'clock p.m., Saturday,  
April 24th, 1890, to elect delegates to the  
nominating committee of the county as-  
sociation, and to transact other important  
business.

## USE GRANGE'S COUGH-NOT

A Good Remedy. Among a long list of  
successful candidates at the recent examina-  
tions at Trinity Medical School, we  
notice the name of Mr. Morton S. Lane,  
who in the first year examination stood  
first in first class. His many friends will  
join us in congratulating him on his excel-  
lent record.

LAST WEEK, at the assizes at  
Belleville, there was a case of *Elsie Blain  
vs. Hann*. Plaintiffs held notes for  
large amounts, which they procured from  
Geo. I. Hann, one signed by Robt. Briscoe  
and another by Wm. Sicker. The suit was  
to collect these notes. When the case was  
called the plaintiff did not appear, and the  
judge dismissed the case. C. P. Rutan  
for Sicker, A. L. Menden for Briscoe.

ing pastor, Ven. Archdeacon T. Bedford  
Benson, expressive of the deep feeling of  
regret at the removal of the reverend gen-  
tleman from this parish. Replies were  
made to each address thanking both con-  
gregation and school for their kindly feel-  
ings expressed in each address.

SCHOOL DEATH.—On Friday last Mrs.  
Benj. Steenburg, of Trenton, daughter of  
Jacob Wagat, of Napanee and formerly of  
South Fredericksburg, was found dead in  
the barn. Mrs. Steenburg has been in  
Napanee about seven months on a visit to  
her father for the benefit of her health.  
She went out for a walk round the yard at  
about 4 o'clock as usual, and was found  
shortly after lying dead, the cause of  
death being failure of the heart. She was  
32 years of age, and of the Methodist per-  
suasion. She had been ailing for over a  
year. The funeral took place on Sunday  
to the Hoffman cemetery. It was largely  
attended by relations and friends.

TEMPER IN A TROOP.—Thursday evening  
last a special meeting of the town coun-  
cil was held for the purpose of considering  
the change in the water mains as asked by  
the Board of Education. After considerable  
discussion a motion was passed changing  
the course of the main from Thomas and  
Robert streets as per contract, northward  
on West street to the corner of West and  
Graham streets, thence easterly, and to  
place the mains located on Centre street to  
Bridge street. When the motion was  
carried the Street Committee resigned.  
Word was sent by the foreman of the work  
to the contractor, who instructed them to  
proceed with the work according to contract.  
There is a possibility of the soup boiling  
over at the session of the council on Mon-  
day evening.

Plan of hall for "Kit, the Arkian  
Traveller," open on Monday morning.

THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED. The latest  
issue of the Dominion Illustrated (April 12)  
contains some illustrations that all Cana-  
dians should prize. "Our Pet and Her Pets,"  
the opening full page engraving, is a really  
charming picture, the chief figure being  
the grandchild of a Canadian poet. The  
"Walker of the Snow," by Mr. Blair Bruce,  
is made more telling by Mr. Shanley's  
spirited poem. "Moving Day" is reason-  
able and interesting to all. Views of the  
Chaudiere Falls, of the Cascade in the  
Selkirk and the Big Pie Bridge (north of  
Lake Superior) will gratify all lovers of  
their country. A portrait of Mr. Miall,  
Deputy Minister of inland Revenue, and a  
fine view of the Western Departmental  
Buildings, Ottawa, complete a really good  
number. Address: The Dominion Illus-  
trated, 70 St. James street, Montreal.

FACTS ABOUT PRICE AND COMMODITY.—  
In order to obtain the best value in buying  
fruit the purchaser must combine fresh-  
ness with the best quality. There are as  
many prices for fruit as there are quali-  
ties and that is the same as other com-  
modities in point of value, and in order to  
get the best goods, you have got to pay  
for them. You can't compare the  
prices at two different shops, for there may  
be as broad a chasm between the quality  
as there is between the price. Unhappily,  
when you want the very choicest of oranges,  
bananas, pineapples, pine apples or any other  
reasonable fruit, ask for the very best and  
society will find that the difference in  
quality is far overbalanced by the difference  
in price. We just throw these hints for the  
benefit of the fruit buying public. The  
same rule holds good in confectionery and  
in fact all goods sold by a first class caterer  
and public philanthropist we would just  
throw a suggestion here, which we be-  
lieve is abundantly and in order if you may  
not far from lavish all the above mentioned  
goods at the proper price.

THE NEW ORANGE HOUSE. When the old  
Orange House at Napanee, February 7th, 1888,  
it was torn down and the people of Napanee and  
the surrounding neighbourhood felt the need  
of such a place. Messrs. Briscoe and Perry  
the owners of the old hall, made an esti-  
mate on the erection of a first class  
building, which would be not only safe and  
convenient but a credit to the town. Mr.  
Briscoe and Perry proposed the erection of  
a hall on Water street. If the council would  
concede certain concessions but failing in  
this they agreed that they did not  
proceed further. Messrs. Briscoe and Perry  
applied to the council for remission of taxes  
and received the same as that offered Mr.  
Light. This was accepted and they pro-  
ceeded at once to build. Plans had been  
prepared and the hall has been erected  
according to them. The entire building is  
of brick upon a solid stone foundation.  
The height of the building is 21 feet and  
the length 112 feet, by 32 feet wide. The  
entrance is from West street. A ceiling a  
few feet high takes you to a large

accidentally tore the seat out, leaving about  
one foot of lining exposed to view. This  
in itself would have made the boys smile,  
but they laughed till the tears came when  
they observed the following words standing  
out boldly upon the lining in large type:  
"Doors open at 7.30. Performance be-  
gins at 8."

It is needless to state that the boy was  
sent home to his mother in tears.—Globe.

### A Weighty Opinion.

Mr. Justice Rose in charging a jury the  
other day made the following suggestive  
observations:

"Let me say a word about this constant  
attack upon the Roman Catholic Church.  
Some of you may have strong Protestant  
feeling, but is there a man who dare say  
that the Church to which he happens to be-  
long contains all the truth and nothing of  
error? Is there any one denomination of  
Christians that to-day has all the truth, or  
affirms as truth all that their fathers and  
forefathers affirmed as truths? Does not  
the advancement and enlightenment which  
comes from years of study of God's Word  
and religious teachings show that many of  
us have yet many things to learn, and that  
we are only on the ocean shore picking up  
the pebbles and beyond us lies the largeness  
of truth? And can any one of us say that  
all is error outside of us? Let us be toler-  
ant each of the others opinions, because,  
if we believe as we have been taught, we  
feel assured that in the Great Day no one  
will be approved because he is a Roman  
Catholic or because he is a Protestant, be-  
cause he is an Anglican, Presbyterian,  
Methodist or a Baptist, but simply be-  
cause he is a Christian, having observed  
the rules of right and wrong and done his  
duty to his neighbor, and so far as he has  
instruction, his duty to his God. And it is  
no advantage to a community, and it is no  
advantage to the members of the commu-  
nity, to advantage to Protestants or Orange-  
men or any other class to make foul  
suggestions with reference to those of  
another faith. It is not wise, it is not po-  
litical; it does not create illfeeling,  
stirs up dissension, and causes those with  
whom we must live to live with us in  
that spirit of friendship that ought to mark  
the communications of neighbours. And  
until one reaches that eminence when he  
can declare he knows the whole mind of  
God, I think it behooves him to be humble  
and sit at the feet where he may learn  
wisdom and be willing in the feeling of  
charity to believe that others may be right,  
although they may see differently to what  
he may see.

The trouble is that too many people think  
they actually know the whole mind of  
God. They think that their own "insir"  
is all that ever was in the Divine mind.  
Mr. Justice Rose is a strong Methodist but  
he manifestly has a good deal more breadth  
than many denominational men have.

### Much As She Is Executed.

Attending a service at long ago in an  
elegant church where they worship  
God with a beautiful aesthetic manner,  
the choir began with that scriptural poem  
that compares Solomon with the lilies of  
the field somewhat to the former's disad-  
vantage. Although never possessing a  
great admiration for Solomon, nor con-  
sidering him a suitable person to hold up  
as a shining example before the Young  
Men's Christian Association, still a pang  
of pity for him was felt when the choir,  
after singing a beautiful and admirable  
hymn, sang the lilies, which it is doubtful if  
they ever observed so closely, began to  
tell the congregation through the mouth of  
the soprano that Solomon in all his glory  
was not arrayed as they saw the soprano  
was arrayed. By the bass, who declared  
that Solomon was most decidedly  
and emphatically not arrayed nor  
arrayed. Then the alto ventured it as her  
opinion that Solomon was not arrayed, when  
the tenor with a moment's hesitation  
sang as if it had been solemnly announced  
that he was not arrayed. Then when the  
feelings of the congregation had been har-  
rowed up sympathies and our sympathies  
aroused for poor Solomon whose numerous  
wives allowed him to go about in such a  
fashion even in that climate, the choir al-  
together in a most cool and composed  
manner informed us that the idea they  
intended to convey was that Solomon in all  
his glory was not arrayed "like one of  
these." These words! So long a time has  
elapsed since they sang of the lilies that  
the thread was entirely lost, and by these  
one naturally concluded that the choir was  
designated. Arrayed like one of these?  
We should think not, indeed! Solomon  
with a Prince's attire or outway coat?  
Solomon with an eye glass and moustache,  
his hair cut pompadour? No, most decid-

was ac-  
sur  
A  
der  
Ma  
the  
sm  
and  
An  
ere  
Gr  
Pr  
cor  
a  
pla  
the  
of  
I  
hel  
leg  
dal  
ca  
aft  
res  
wil  
the  
chi  
Lo  
cal  
of  
of  
"Kit, the Arkian Traveller," is worth a Ton of Talk



**MARRIAGE LICENCES**  
(Issued by Ogden Hinch at Chapside, (application  
correctly private and confidential.)

**Canfield Shorey**  
Sole Agent for Marriage Licences,  
Camden East, Ont.

**NOTICE.**

Subscribers to the EXPRESS will  
please take notice that all outstanding  
subscriptions and all Job Printing and  
Advertising from Jan. 1st, 1890, are  
payable to the new proprietors,  
**POLLARD & McLAUGHLIN.**

See the new 10c Kid Gloves at  
**LAHEY & McKENTY'S.**  
Town Council meets next Monday  
evening.

The Council should take some steps  
towards having the streets sprinkled.

The guardwall on the east side of the  
G. T. R. track at the bridge is being re-  
built.

Ogden Jamieson has commenced work  
on the erection of his new building on John  
street north.

Our police have donned their new offi-  
cial caps. They present quite an imposing  
appearance.

The subject of Rev. C. O. Johnston's  
sermon on Sunday night is "the justice of  
eternal punishment."

"Kit, the Arkansas Traveler" drew a  
large house at the Court Street Theatre,  
Buffalo, while there.

The remains of Mr. Wm. Hosey and  
Mrs. Mitchell were taken from the vault on  
Thursday as inferred.

Wanted at the Paisley House immed-  
ately two dining room girls and two  
housemaids. 1741

For Sale. Several good milk cows for  
sale. Apply to Mr. Hmd. Vandebogart  
farmer to the undersigned. 1746

To Let. A very desirable residence on  
John street, Napanee. Nine rooms; good  
plot of ground. Rent low. Apply to H. G.  
Milling at Campbell House. 1747

A choice new stock of hoes, garden  
tools, spading forks, manure forks, etc., to  
be sold from. Building material, the best  
quality. Something entirely new in house  
furnishings. M. S. Mendenhall.

You will find the largest and best  
stock of milk cans with the heaviest cover  
to be found in Canada, together with a  
well assorted stock of all kinds of tinware  
and house furnishing goods including a  
well selected stock of cutlery and pocket  
knives. We do the stove trade of this  
town. Call and inspect our stock. Boyle  
& Son.

Notice.—A special meeting of Union  
Lodge No. 9, A. F. and A. M. will be held  
this (Friday) evening at 7:30 o'clock.

Portrait Admiration. On Thursday morn-  
ing last a man named J. Card, who is  
employed on the guardwall at the G. T. R.  
bridge, got his little finger broken in two  
places while catching in the derrier used for  
raising heavy stones.

A TRAIL IN STONE.—The representatives  
of the "Leo" opera company in Ottawa  
have decided not to put on the opera  
until about the 10th of May, as the date at  
first intended was taken by the Albion  
opera company. In the meantime the  
company will play at Brockville, Belleville  
and Napanee.

C. C. Richards & Co.

Gents.—I was cured of a severe attack  
of rheumatism by using MINARD'S  
LINIMENT, after trying all other remedies  
for 2 years.

Albert C. N. B. GEORGE TINGLER.

C. C. Richards & Co.

Gents.—I had a valuable colt so bad  
with mange that I feared I would lose it.  
I used MINARD'S LINIMENT and I  
cured him like magic.

Dalhousie. CHRISTOPHER SANDERS

the advertisement of Mr. Thos. Meagher,  
regarding lime, sand and brick, to be found  
on our first page.

TRAVIS WELL.—The Carleton Place Cen-  
tral Canadian says: Rev. Mr. Elliott, the  
new rector of St. James', officiated last  
Sabbath, and gave much pleasure to the  
people.

A BOSTON.—The Brockville Recorder  
has a subscriber on its list that has received  
that paper for 66 years. Evidently, if you  
want to live long, take a local paper, and  
keep your subscription paid.

A HINT FOR FAMILIES. A celebrated  
horseman in writing upon "breeding  
horses" says it's a serious mistake to breed  
Percherons with the Clydesdales, as the  
cross lowers the excellent qualities of the  
two breeds.

MINISTRIAL VISIT.—The Archbishop of  
Toronto and the bishops of Hamilton and  
Peterborough are on a visit to Archbishop  
Cleary, of Kingston. It is understood that  
they will agree upon the names of three  
ecclesiastics for recommendation for the  
Bishopric of Alexandria.

Henry Chanfrau in "Kit, the Arkansas  
Traveler," on Tuesday evening next.

CONFESSIONALY. Judge Armour remark-  
ed on Tuesday while charging the jury in  
the Morrison murder case, that the appeal  
of R. C. Clute, O. C., to the jury was one of  
the most eloquent and able that he had ever  
listened to. The learned Judge has had an  
experience in law of forty-five years.

EDUCATIONAL REFORM ASSOCIATION. A public  
meeting of the Reformers of Sheffield is  
hereby called to be held in the town hall,  
Tamworth, at 3 o'clock p.m., Saturday,  
April 26th, 1890, to elect delegates to the  
nominating committee of the county associa-  
tion, and to transact other important  
business.

**Use GRANGE'S COUGH-NOT**

A Good Remedy. Among a long list of  
successful candidates at the recent examina-  
tions at Trinity Medical School, we  
notice the name of Mr. Morton S. Lane,  
who in the first year examinations stood  
first in first class. His many friends will  
join us in congratulating him on his excel-  
lent record.

LEAVE. Last week, at the assizes at  
Belleville, there was a case of Eby Blain  
C. vs. Hain. Plaintiffs held notes for  
large amounts, which they procured from  
Geo. I. Hain, one signed by Robt. Brisco,  
and another by Wm. Sicker. The suit was  
to collect these notes. When the case was  
called the plaintiff did not appear, and the  
judge dismissed the case. G. F. Rutman  
for Sicker; A. L. Morden for Brisco.

ARMED DUEL. Many of our people will  
be pleased to hear that Henry Chanfrau  
will appear in "Kit, the Arkansas Traveler"  
on Thursday evening next. This company  
have met large houses in Toronto and Buf-  
falo, besides several other places, and we  
bespeak for it a large house on Thursday  
evening next. The plan will be open at J.  
J. Perry's on Monday. Admission and  
other particulars will be given by bills.

Superb stock of Lace Curtains, 47 cents  
up at **LAHEY & McKENTY'S.**

A NEW SCHEME.—Here is a new wind-  
ing scheme, against which the self-suffi-  
cient city man as well as the guileless  
agriculturist, should be on his guard. The  
snapper has a double fountain pen, with  
two kinds of ink, one of which will fade.  
He writes an agreement with the ink that  
fades and the victim signs with the ink  
that does not fade. An entirely different  
agreement is afterwards substituted, and  
the dupe finds himself confronted with a  
promise to pay.

"HELPERS FROM FAIRVIEW.—The Canadian  
farmer, standing in the slough of despond,  
loaded down with debt and taxes, listens to  
the mellifluous warblings of Mr. Finance  
Minister Foster about the prosperity of the  
country, and awaits in some anxiety the  
practical help which the tariff changes  
will bring him. The help is forthcoming,  
of course. It is not in the vulgar shape of  
a wider market or a diminution of the  
cost of living; no, it is unique. It is the  
imposition of more taxation. The farmer  
will, perhaps not appreciate this, but that  
is because he is not a philosopher or logi-  
cian. To others it must be perfectly clear  
that if taxation has made the country  
prosperous (and the Toronto World is pre-  
pared to prove this at any time) then more  
taxation will make it more prosperous.  
The whole protective philosophy is as clear  
as mud.—Grip.

**Minard's Liniment sold everywhere.**

the opening of our page engraving, is a really  
charming picture, the chief figure being  
the grandchild of a Canadian poet. The  
"Walker of the Snow," by Mr. Blair Bruce,  
is made more telling by Mr. Shanly's  
spirited poem. "Moving Day" is season-  
able and interesting to all. Views of the  
Chaudiere Falls, of the Cascade in the  
Schirkas and the Big Pie Bridge (north of  
Lake Superior) will gratify all lovers of  
their country. A portrait of Mr. Miall,  
Deputy Minister of Inland Revenue, and a  
fine view of the Western Departmental  
Buildings, Ottawa, complete a really good  
number. Address: The Dominion Illus-  
trated, 75 St. James street, Montreal.

FRUIT AND FERTILE AND CONFECTIONERS.—  
In order to obtain the best value in buying  
fruit (the purchaser must combine fresh-  
ness with the best quality. Therefore as  
many prices for fruit as there are quali-  
ties and fruit is the same as other com-  
mercial commodities in point of value, and  
in order to get the best goods, you have got  
to pay for them. You can't compute the  
prices at two different shops, for there may  
be as broad a chasm between the quality  
as there is between the price. Invariably,  
when you want the very choicest of oranges,  
lemons, laranas, pine apples or any other  
reasonable fruit, ask for the very best and  
satisfy your mind that the difference in  
quality by far overbalances the difference  
in price. We just throw these hints for the  
benefit of the fruit buying public. The  
same rule holds good in confectionery, and  
in fact all goods sold by a first class caterer  
to the public palate, and we would just  
think of a suggestion here, which we be-  
lieve to be timely and in order, you may  
obtain from Davis all the above mentioned  
goods at the proper price.

THE NEW OPERA HOUSE.—When the old  
Opera House fell on February 7th, 1889, it  
was then that the people of Napanee and  
the surrounding neighborhood felt the need  
of such a place. Messrs. Brisco and Perry  
the owners of the old hall, made an esti-  
mate upon the erection of a first class  
building, which would be not only safe and  
conspicuous but a credit to the town. Mr.  
R. Light and Sons proposed the erection of  
a hall on Water street, if the council would  
make certain concessions but failing in  
securing what they desired, they did not  
proceed further. Messrs Brisco and Perry  
applied to the council for remission of taxes  
and received the same as that offered Mr.  
Light. This was accepted and they pro-  
ceeded at once to build. Plans had been  
prepared and the hall has been erected  
according to them. The entire building is  
of brick upon a solid stone foundation.  
The height of the building is 21 feet and  
the length 112 feet, by 38 feet wide. The  
entrance is from East street. Ascending a  
stairs about 6 feet high takes you to a large  
landing. To the left is the office in the  
rear of which is a cloak room. The size of  
the entrance office and cloakroom is 36 ft.  
by 20; underneath this is the wood-room.  
Passing through an entrance 7 ft. wide the  
main hall is reached. This is 33 ft. wide  
by 80 ft. long and 21 feet from ceiling to  
floor. The floor elevated from the stage to  
the rear commands a good view from any  
part of the hall. On the east side is a fire  
escape. The ceiling and walls are hand-  
somely frescoed. In the ceiling at each  
end are two ventilators which lead into the  
chimney. The gasaliers are handsome and  
imperfect keeping with the hall. The or-  
chestra chairs are of improved style, with  
iron frames, broadened plush seats and  
perforated backs; attached to each seat is  
hat, shawl, umbrella and cane rack. Each  
row is arranged in a semi-circle. The  
reserved seats are perforated wood. There  
are eleven rows in the orchestra circle and  
ten in the reserved class. The seats in the  
rear of the hall which are separated from  
the reserved seats by a low partition will  
accommodate about 550 people. Directly in  
front of the stage is a space reserved ex-  
clusively for the orchestra. The stage is  
conspicuous being 38 feet by 32, and is  
supplied with thirteen different sets of  
scenery, comprising everything required by  
a first class travelling company. The drop  
curtain is one of the finest, the scenery  
being a view in Switzerland. Three other  
drop curtains are placed at the rear of the  
stage to be used as backgrounds. Two  
large dressing rooms are attached. The  
frescoing and scenery is the work of Mr.  
A. F. Hamilton and assistants and to them  
is due the highest praise for their excellent  
work. The orchestra chairs were procured  
from the Canadian Office and School Fur-  
niture Co., Toronto. Several first-class  
companies are already booked and others  
are negotiating for rates.

Novelties in Dress Goods arriving every  
day at **LAHEY & McKENTY'S.**

Itic; it does not create illfeeling,  
stirs up dissensions, it causes those with  
whom we must live not to live with us in  
that spirit of friendship that ought to mark  
the communications of neighbours. And  
until one reaches that eminence when he  
can declare he knows the whole mind of  
God, I think it behooves him to be humble  
and sit at the feet where he may learn  
wisdom and be willing in the feeling of  
charity to believe that others may be right,  
although they may see differently to what  
he may see.

The trouble is that too many people think  
they actually do know "the whole mind of  
God." They think that their own "ish" is  
all that ever was in the Divine mind.  
Mr. Justice Rose is a strong Methodist but  
he manifestly has a good deal more breadth  
than many denominational men have.

**Music As She Is Executed.**

Attending services not long ago in an  
elegant church edifice where they worship  
God with taste in a highly aesthetic manner,  
the choir began with that scriptural poem  
that compares Solomon with the lilies of  
the field somewhat to the former's disad-  
vantage. Although never possessing a  
great admiration for Solomon, nor con-  
sidering him a suitable person to hold up  
as a shining example before the Young  
Men's Christian Association, still a pang  
of pity for him was felt when the choir,  
after expressing unbounded admiration for  
the lilies of the field, which it is doubtful  
they ever observed very closely, began to  
tell the congregation through the mouth of  
the soprano that "Solomon in all his glory  
was not arrayed." Straightway the soprano  
was re-inforced by the bass, who declared  
clearly that Solomon was most decidedly  
and emphatically not arrayed nor not  
arrayed. Then the alto ventured it as her  
opinion that Solomon was not arrayed, when  
the tenor without a moment's hesitation  
sang as if it had been officially announced  
that "he was not arrayed." Then when the  
feelings of the congregation had been har-  
rowed up sufficiently and our sympathies  
aroused for poor Solomon whose numerous  
wives allowed him to go about in such a  
fashion even in that climate, the choir al-  
together in a most cool and composed  
manner informed us that the idea they  
intended to convey was that Solomon in all  
his glory was not arrayed "like one of  
these." These what? So long a time I  
elapsed since they sang of the lilies that  
the thread was entirely lost, and by "these"  
one naturally concluded that the choir was  
designated. Arrayed like one of these?  
We should think not, indeed! Solomon  
with a Prince Arab or outway coat?  
Solomon with an eye glass and moustache,  
his hair cut pompadour? No, most decid-  
edly. Solomon in the very zenith of his  
glory was not arrayed like one of these.

Despite the experience of the morning  
the hope still remained that in the evening  
a sacred song might be sung in a manner  
that would not excite our risibilities or  
leave the impression that we had been  
listening to a case of blackmail. But again  
off started the nimble soprano with the  
very laudable though rather startling an-  
nouncement. "I will wash." Straightway  
the alto, not to be outdone, declared she  
would wash. And the tenor, finding it to  
be the thing wanted, he would wash.  
Then the deep chested basso, as though  
calling up all his fortitude for the plunge,  
bellowed forth the stern resolve that he also  
would wash. Next a short interlude on the  
organ, strongly suggestive of the escaping  
of steam or plash of the waves, after which  
the choir individually and collectively as-  
serted the firm, unshaken resolve that they  
would wash. At last they solved the prob-  
lem, by stating that they proposed to "wash  
their hands in innocence, so will the altar  
of the Lord be compassed."—Good House-  
keeping.

**Minard's Liniment sold everywhere**

**DIED.**

WELLS.—In Napanee Mills on the 13th inst.  
James N. Wells, aged 56 years.

PATTERSON.—In Camden, on the 12th April,  
Rebecca Patterson, aged 61 years.

HOUSTON.—At Hawley, on the 13th inst., Mary  
Houston, aged 84 years and 4 months.

COMMONS.—In North Fredericksburgh, on the  
13th inst., Nancy Cummings, aged 64 years.

WAGAR.—At Napanee, on Friday, April 11th,  
1890, Ada Jane Wagar, wife of Benjamin Steen-  
berg, aged 24 years, 4 months.

**MARRIED.**

PERRY.—PARRY.—By Rev. E. E. Howard, at the  
Bay residence, South Napanee, April 15th, Mr.  
A. B. Perry to Miss Elsie May, eldest daughter  
of John F. Parks, Esq., all of North Fredericks-  
burgh.

MATTS.—McNAB.—At Bath, on April 6th, John  
Matts to Margaret McNabb, all of Ernestown.

"An Ounce of Fact Worth a Ton of"

# PERSONAL.

—Mr. J. B. Dewry, of Toronto, is in town visiting with his family.

—The many friends of Mrs. S. Card will be sorry to learn that she is ill.

—Mr. Thos. Blewett, of Erinville, is visiting in town, the guest of Mr. John Blewett, Dundas st.

—Mr. Ernest Carscallen, left on Tuesday last for Brooklyn, N. Y., where he has obtained a situation.

—Mrs. Willard Woodcock, of Boston, Mass., returned home this week to spend the summer with her mother, Mrs. H. K. Perry.

—Mr. S. McCatchoon has been re-elected as captain of the Stratford Lacrosse club for the ensuing year. The right man in the right place.

—Mr. Thomas K. Perry, of Washington Territory, who is visiting his mother, left yesterday for Boston, Mass., to spend a few days with his brothers.

—Mr. Morrison, of the Canadian Office & School Desk Company, Toronto, was in town this week placing the orchestra chairs in the opera house.

—Mr. James Lockridge, who recently graduated at Trinity school, Toronto, spent a few days in town this week, the guest of his sister Mrs. F. H. Stinson.

—Misses Lou and Jessie Meek, of Kingston, spent Sunday last in town, the guest of Mr. Alex. Henry, west Napanee. Miss Lou Meek sang a solo in the Eastern Methodist Church on Sunday evening entitled "Only Wait," giving it in a manner to please the entire congregation.

Apprentices Wanted in both the Millinery and Dressmaking departments.  
20c P. SLAVEN & CO.

## DISTRICT NEWS.

Tweed is seeking for incorporation as a town.

Leo, the Royal Cadet will appear in Ottawa under patronage of His Excellency the Governor General.

The big mill, Deseronto, started up last week for the summer.

Charles A. Hunt, Belleville, has entered an action for \$10,000 damages against the Deseronto Navigation company for injuries sustained at the burning of their steamer quite last summer.

The str. Hero made her first trip on Monday last. She was officered for the first few runs by Capt. Nicholson, after which, Wm. Bloomfield will take command. Capt. Nicholson goes on the Norseman.

Miss Putnam, the merry soubrette of the Josie Mills Company, met with a serious accident in Kingston on Friday. By misadventure, a crochet needle was driven right through her hand, and had to be broken off before being extracted. She bore her pain with great courage.

Owing to the limited jury list, William Arnott, of Belleville, was saved from trial at the assizes in that city this week. Only forty true jurymen were summoned, nearly all of whom were challenged. The case was laid over till next assizes, bail being accepted, the prisoner in \$1,000, and two sureties in \$2,000 each.

An explosion of a coal oil lamp in the dental rooms of Dr. H. H. Platt's residence, Main street, Picton, on Sunday night, was the cause of damage from fire, water and smoke to the extent of \$300 to \$500; insured in the Imperial for \$3,000 on building and furniture, and \$800 in the British American on contents of dental rooms.

A movement is on foot in Belleville, to erect a monument for the late Prof. S. T. Greene, teacher in the D. & D. Institute. Principal Mathison is securing voluntary contributions and the nutes and others are contributing freely. It is hoped to secure a fitting monument to mark the resting place of one so prominently identified with the noble work of elevating the deaf mutes of Canada.

Last week at the examinations being held in Ontario Hall by the Ontario College of Physicians and Surgeons, a candidate, who belongs to this section, was caught by detective Alf. Perry cribbing, after receiving several warnings. The result was he had to leave the hall. He will not be allowed to take further part in the examinations. The paper on organic chemistry submitted by Dr. Waugh, of London, startled the candidates, not because of its importance, but because it contained something that they never heard of before, and as some say, never will hear of again.

AS A PICK-UP after excessive exertion or exposure, Milburn's Beef, Iron and Wine is grateful and comforting.

# LAHEY & MCKENTY

ARE OFFERING SPECIAL BARGAINS IN

## LADIES' UNDERWEAR FOR SPRING.

American Jersey Ribbed Vests, sleeveless or with half sleeves, in white, cream and natural grey from 20 cents up, unequalled value. Ladies' Vests in Cotton, Balbriggan, Cashmere, Natural Wool and Silk, 25 cents to \$1.25.

## Gentlemen's Underwear for Spring,

In Cotton, Balbriggan, Merino, Natural Wool, Natural Cotton, from 50 cents per suit up.

## Men's Ready-made Suits.

We are selling a strong, wearing suit, well made, at \$5.00. We are selling an All-wool, Canadian Tweed Suit, at \$7.50, worth \$10 at other stores. We are selling the best \$10 suits that were ever offered for the money in Napanee or, we believe, elsewhere. If you like to go higher, we can give you equally good value.

## Boy's Ready-made Suits.

A nice two-piece suit for \$1.50; a \$2.50 one for \$1.75, and so on up, the best goods in Canada (Burns & Lewis') at 25 per cent less than value. Youths' suits in immense variety of pattern, every size and price.

## ORDERED CLOTHING.

You should see our Halifax Tweed Suit to order for \$10. You should see the Tweed Suits at \$12 that we are making so many of. You should see the new lot of fine Worsted and Pantings that have just arrivek at

"THE POPULAR DRY GOODS HOUSE."

# LAHEY & MCKENTY

1890

SPRING.

1890

When an intelligent farmer wants to purchase an implement of any kind the first question that naturally arises in his mind is, "Where can I get the best?" as a poor implement is dear at any price.

## "The Napanee Agricultural Works"

Have solved the question for the farmers of these counties by manufacturing only the best.

## In Cultivators

Our 2-Horse Iron Cultivator is admittedly the best for cultivating the hard ground of this section, as the thousands we have sold testify. With this we also offer the 2-Horse Wooden Frame Cultivator which has also acquired great popularity.

## In Harrows

We offer the Eagle Sulky Harrow, with which "we sweep the course." This implement does excellent work, and is giving complete satisfaction wherever it is in use. It is the BEST Harrow in the market to-day. No farmer can afford to be without it, and hundreds of the leading farmers in Canada and elsewhere are now using it, and in every case they are thoroughly satisfied with the work it does. Our SPRING TOOTH HARROW is far in advance of anything attained before, and easily adjusted so as to adapt itself to all kinds of soil by



at the assizes in that city this week. Only forty true-jurymen were summoned, nearly all of whom were challenged. The case was laid over till next assizes, bail being accepted, the prisoner in \$4,000, and two sureties in \$2,000 each.

An explosion of a coal oil lamp in the dental rooms of Dr. H. H. Platt's residence, Main street, Picton, on Sunday night, was the cause of damage from fire, water and smoke to the extent of \$900 to \$500; insured in the Imperial for \$3,000 on building and furniture, and \$800 in the British American on contents of dental rooms.

A movement is on foot in Belleville, to erect a monument for the late Prof. S. T. Greene, teacher in the D. & D. Institute. Principal Mathison is securing voluntary contributions and the mutes and others are contributing freely. It is hoped to secure a fitting monument to mark the resting place of one so prominently identified with the noble work of elevating the deaf mutes of Canada.

Last week at the examinations being held in Ontario Hall by the Ontario College of Physicians and Surgeons, a candidate, who belongs to this section, was caught by detective Alf. Perry cribbing, after receiving several warnings. The result was he had to leave the hall. He will not be allowed to take further part in the examinations. The paper on organic chemistry submitted by Dr. Waugh, of London, startled the candidates, not because of its importance, but because it contained something that they never heard of before, and as some say, never will hear of again.

AS A PICK-UP after excessive exposure, McBurn's Beef, Iron and Wine is grateful and comforting.

**"An Ounce Fact Worth a Ton of Talk."**  
**Anderson** RECOGNIZES THIS FACT and his new stock of BOOTS, SHOES, TRUNKS, VALISES & BAGS are the best value he has ever offered. In fact he will keep no goods unless they are up to samples bought from, and all solid leather. He believes in selling a good article for a low price, and it is this principle which has given him such a large trade. His lines now include LADIES' FINE DONGOLA KID BUTTON BOOTS, Silk-faced tops & all solid throughout for the low price of \$1.50 per pair, as well as all the other lines generally to be found in a first-class Shoe Store.  
 HIS PRICES ARE ALMOST ASTOUNDING when compared with those asked for similar goods a year or two ago, and everything is guaranteed just as represented in every instance. It seems almost marvellous how the goods shown can be made for the money asked for them, and to none is this more inappreciable than to the practical Shoemakers who work at the trade.  
 Do not fail to call and examine his Stock and prices before buying. He believes in "small profits & quick returns." 4th door west of Grange's Drug Store, (same side.) **NOTED FOR LOW PRICES.**



"THE POPULAR DRY GOODS HOUSE."

**LAHEY & MCKENTY**

1890

SPRING.

1890

When an intelligent farmer wants to purchase an implement of any kind the first question that naturally arises in his mind is, "Where can I get the best?" as a poor implement is dear at any price.

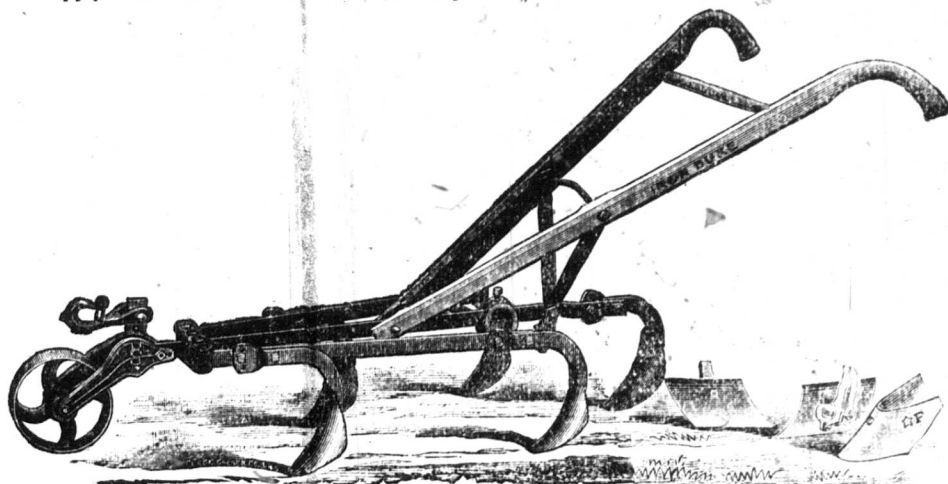
## "The Napanee Agricultural Works"

Have solved the question for the farmers of these counties by manufacturing only the best.

**In Cultivators** Our 2-Horse Iron Cultivator is admittedly the best for cultivating the hard ground of this section, as the thousands we have sold testify. With this we also offer the 2-Horse Wooden Frame Cultivator which has also acquired great popularity.

**In Harrows** We offer the Eagle Sulky Harrow, with which "we sweep the course." This implement does excellent work, and is giving complete satisfaction wherever it is in use. It is the BEST Harrow in the market to-day. No farmer can afford to be without it, and hundreds of the leading farmers in Canada and elsewhere are now using it, and in every case they are thoroughly satisfied with the work it does. Our **SPRING TOOTH HARROW** is far in advance of anything attained before, and easily adjusted so as to adapt itself to all kinds of soil by simply raising or lowering the teeth.

**In Seed Drills** We have received the agency for one of the very best Seed Drills manufactured in Canada. Farmers in want of such an article should not fail to give us a call and examine our Drill at our warehouses in Napanee. We can supply them with the best Drill at lowest prices.



**In Corn Cultivators** We have a splendid variety, of which we shall speak hereafter. Bear us in mind when in need of any of the above, and remember it is the best policy to **BUY AT HOME.**

**JOHN HERRING.**

**THE BIG MILL**  
 NAPANEE.

**R. J. DAFOE**

has on hand at all times and at the lowest prices.

**Flour and Feed, Cornmeal and Oatmeal,**

QUALITY GUARANTEED.

## A Danger Signal.

A Cold in the Head may be aptly termed a danger signal warning you that if neglected that dangerous and disagreeable disease, Catarrh, is sure to follow, perhaps leading to Consumption and the grave. At no season of the year is Cold in the Head more prevalent than during the Spring months, and at no other season do the people of this country suffer more generally from Catarrh, with all its disagreeable and annoying effects. Do not for an instant neglect either of these troubles, but apply **NASAL BALM**, the only remedy that will give instant relief and effect a permanent cure. The following testimonials from among thousands in our possession bear witness to its sterling merit:

Alexander Burns, Sudbury, Ont., says: I may state that I have been afflicted with Catarrh seven or eight years, and it was attended by consequent symptoms, such as foul breath, constant dropping into the throat, hawking and spitting, partial deafness, ringing in the ears, and sickening pains in the head directly over either eye. I have used powders and douches, but all to no effect, the only result arising from the use of such was temporary relief, followed by the usual symptoms in a more aggravated

T. D. D. Loyd, 8 Clarence street, Toronto, says: I wish here to testify to the unequalled healing powers of your Nasal Balm. I have been troubled for three years by what the doctors call post nasal catarrh, and have tried everything in the city that could be obtained; in the shape of catarrh cures, and found no permanent relief from any of them, till a friend one day advised me to try your Nasal Balm, and I find that even one bottle has done me more good than all the medicines put together

**"An Ounce Fact Worth a Ton of"**

**Anderson**

RECOGNIZES THIS FACT and his new stock of B TRUNKS, VALISES & BAGS are the best value he has ever offered. In fact he will keep no goods unless they are up to samples bought from, and "all solid" in selling a good article for a low price, and it is this principle which has given him his lines now include LADIES' FINE DONGOLA KID BUTTON BOOTS, & all solid throughout for the low price of \$1.50 per pair, as well as all the other line found in a first-class Shoe Store.

HIS PRICES ARE ALMOST ASTOUNDING when compared with those of goods a year or two ago, and everything is guaranteed just as represented in every almost marvellous how the goods shown can be made for the money asked for them, and more incomprehensible than to the practical Shoemakers who work at the trade.

Do not fail to call and examine his Stock and prices before buying. He believes in quick returns." 4th door west of Grange's Drug Store, (same side.) NOTED FOR L



**M. STORMS,**  
MOSCOW,

has had over forty years in the undertaking business in the county, and can turn out work equal to any in the Dominion.

A large stock of Coffins, Caskets, Robes, Crape Gloves and Badges, constantly on hand, and a sold at reasonable prices.

I also make a specialty of Embalming, giving this department my personal attention, thus removing all risk of unpleasant odor or any change in color.

First-class hearse free of charge, will attend all funerals, 7901y MILES STORMS

**R. LIGHT,**

MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN

**Lumber, Shingles, Lath,**  
**Doors, Sash, Blinds,**  
**Mouldings,**

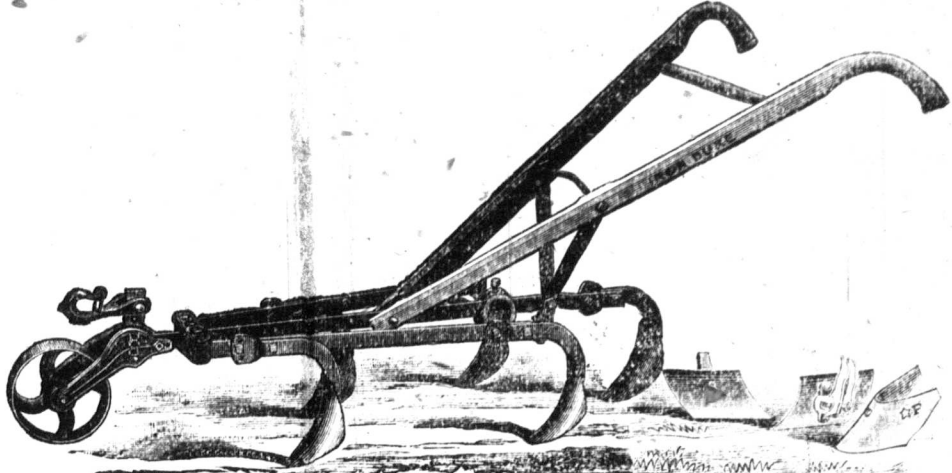
AND EVERY DESCRIPTION OF

**BUILDING MATERIAL**

**TRENTON - SLAB - WOOD**

ALWAYS ON HAND.

Yard foot of Richard street. Tele. phone No, 53, 3789fm



**In Corn Cultivators** We have a splendid variety, of which we shall speak hereafter. Bear us in mind when in need of any of the above, and remember it is the best policy to **BUY AT HOME.**

**JOHN HERRING.**

**THE BIG MILL**  
NAPANEE.

**R. J. DAFOE**  
has on hand at all times and at the lowest prices.

**Flour and Feed, Cornmeal and Oatmeal,**

QUALITY GUARANTEED.

—TRY THE—  
**LILY WHITE**

brand of Western Flour, which may be had only of J. F. Smith, Michael Davern, Madden Bros., Fred Paul, E. Hemstreet, Hy. Douglas, and at headquarters, the Big Mill.

**Gristing of all Kinds**  
on the shortest notice. Cash paid for all kinds of grain. 17y

**J. F. SMITH**

IS SELLING

**Groceries**

at prices to suit the times.

**FRESH TEAS,**  
**CANNED TOMATOES,**  
**CANNED CORN,**  
**EVAPORATED APPLES.**

**Sugars, Yellow, Raw, White.**

**FLOUR and FEED**

all at the lowest prices.

Call and see for yourselves.

**J. F. SMITH.**  
Briscoe House Block, Napanee. 5-1y

**A Danger Signal.**

A Cold in the Head may be aptly termed a danger signal warning you that if neglected that dangerous and disagreeable disease, Catarrh, is sure to follow, perhaps leading to consumption and the grave. At no season of the year is Cold in the Head more prevalent than during the Spring months, and at no other season do the people of this country suffer more generally from Catarrh, with all its disagreeable and annoying effects. Do not for an instant neglect either of these troubles, but apply **NASAL BALM**, the only remedy that will give instant relief and effect a permanent cure. The following testimonials from among thousands in your possession bear witness to its sterling merit:

Alexander Burns, Sudbury, Ont., says: I may state that I have been affected with Catarrh seven or eight years, and it was attended by consequent symptoms, such as foul breath, constant dropping into the throat, hawking and spitting, partial deafness, ringing in the ears, and sickening pains in the head directly over either eye. I have used powders and douches, but all to no effect, the only result arising from the use of such was temporary relief, followed by the usual symptoms in a more aggravated form. The results arising from the use of Nasal Balm: Sweet breath, stoppage of the droppings into the throat, consequently less hawking and spitting, clearness of hearing, and not once since I began its use have I had pain in the head. In fact, it is my opinion that a careful and persistent use of the Balm will effect a cure in the worst case of catarrh.

T. D. D. Loyd, 8 Clarence street, Toronto, says: I wish here to testify to the unequalled healing powers of your Nasal Balm. I have been troubled for three years by what the doctors call post nasal catarrh, and have tried everything in the city that could be found, in the shape of catarrh cures, and obtained no permanent relief from any of them, till a friend one day advised me to try your Nasal Balm, and I find that even one bottle has done me more good than all the medicines put together that I have persecuted myself with before. I was very much troubled with spitting and hawking, especially in the morning, so much so that my throat was continually in a raw condition, but I am now beginning to know what it is to be able to speak freely. I shall not fail to recommend it to any of my friends suffering from the like disease.

**Nasal Balm**

INSTANTLY RELIEVES

**Cold in the head**

**Nasal Balm**

POSITIVELY CURES

**Catarrh.**

A. W. Mallory, Mallorytown, Ont., says: My daughter suffered for years from a most distressing and annoying Catarrh. Her case was under the treatment of eminent physicians in the United States and Canada. Two months use of Nasal Balm has had more beneficial effects than all former treatments combined.

L. D. Dion, Dept. Railways and Canals, Ottawa, says: I am very glad to give you to-day the testimony that Nasal Balm has completely cured my catarrh, from which I suffered for nearly three years.

D. Derbyshire, Mayor of Brockville and president of the Ontario Creamery Association, says: Nasal Balm beats the world for Catarrh and Cold in the head. In my own case it effected relief from the first application.

Isaac Waterman, Imperial Oil Company, Petrolia, Ont., says: Nasal Balm gave me the most perfect satisfaction of any medicine I ever used for Cold in the Head. I found it easy to use, quick in giving relief, and effect a complete cure in a couple of hours.

If Nasal Balm is not kept in stock by your dealer it will be sent postpaid on receipt of price (50 cents for small and \$1 for large size bottles by addressing

17d:6ow **FULFORD & CO., Brockville, Ont.**

**WANTED**

Men to take orders for Nursery Stock, on Salary or Commission. I can make a successful

**Salesman**

of any one who will work and follow my instructions. Will furnish handsome outfit free, and pay your salary or commission every week. Write for terms at once.

**E. O. GRAHAM, Nurseryman, Toronto, Ont.** 191

**WHAT IS GOING ON FOR MANY MILES UNDISCOVERED IN ALL UNDISCOVERED EYE, AYE MORE**

**One of the BEST Tel. FREE**

escapes in the world. Our machines are unequalled, and to introduce our superior goods we will send you a FREE EYE, AYE MORE, as above. Only those who write to us at once can make sure of the chance. All you have to do in return is to show our goods to those who call on your neighbors and those around you. The beginning of this advertisement shows the small end of the telescope. The following cut gives the appearance of it reduced to about the eighth part of its bulk. It is a grand, double size telescope, as large as is easy to carry. We will also show you how you can make from \$25 to \$100 a day at least, from the start, without experience. Better write at once. We pay. Address, B. HALLIDAY & CO., Box 380, PORTLAND, MAINE.